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# Screenland

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**TV-LAND**

Volume Fifty-Seven, Number Nine

July, 1953

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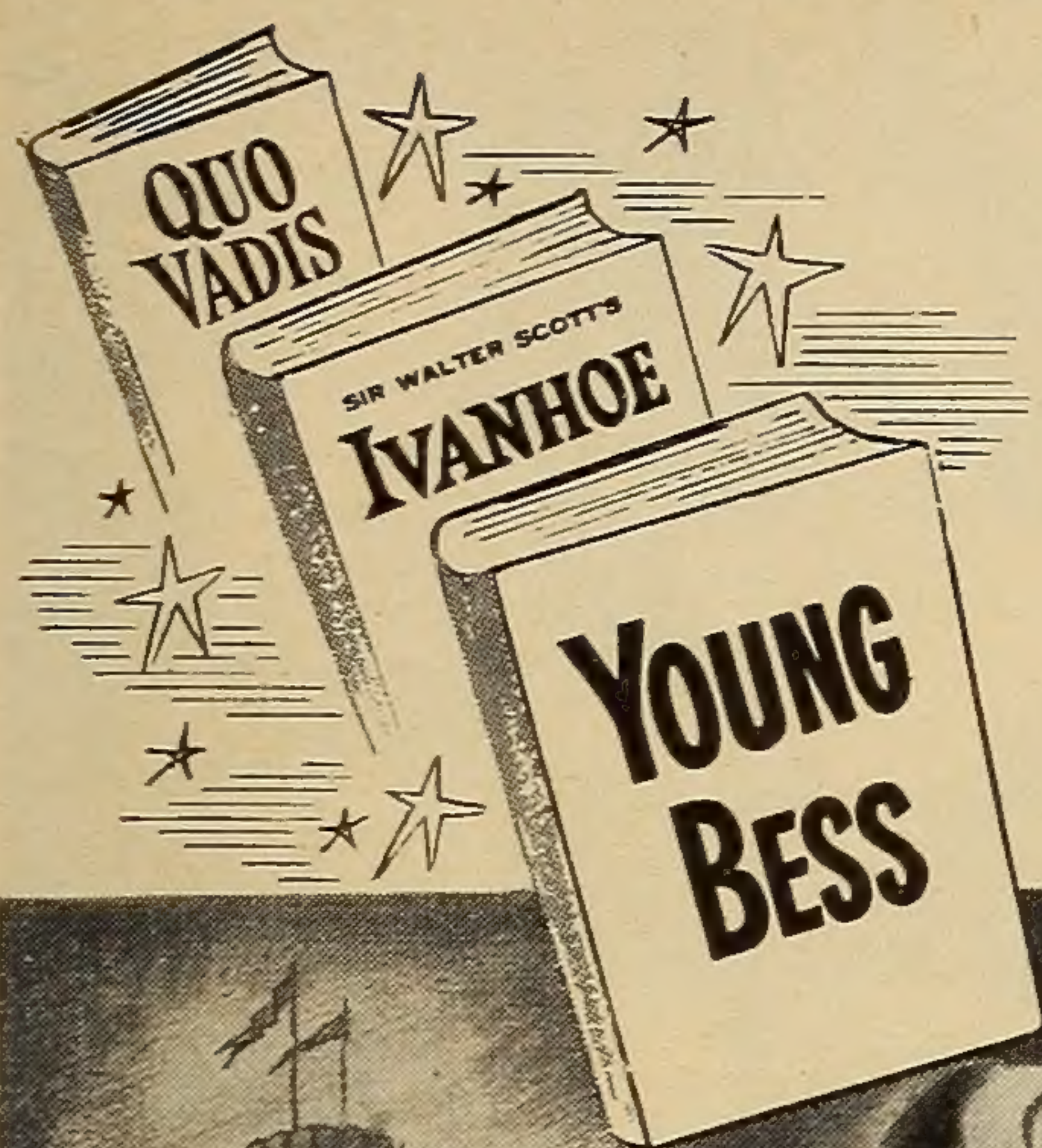
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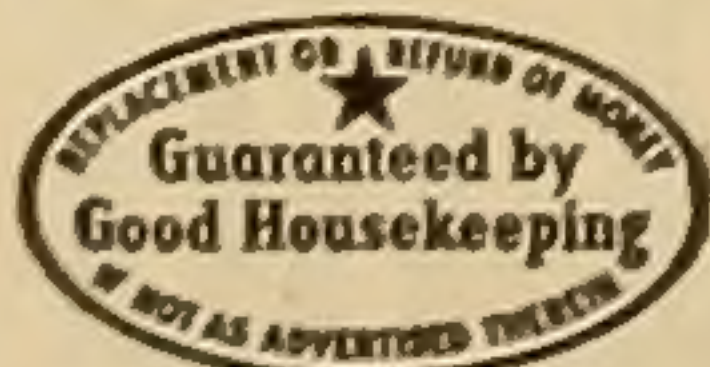
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## what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

**T**HE most excited, pleased, and proud glamour girl of this century is Joan Crawford, who returned to her home base, MGM—and very triumphantly so—for the first time in ten years, to do a singin'-dancin' picture called, "The Torch Song." The people who worked there when Joan was the star of the lot had welcome banners all over the place and wore big broad grins when she drove through the front gates to start her dance rehearsals with her director, Charles Walters, who will also be her dancing partner in the film. Joan celebrated the good news at the Beachcombers with Earl Blackwell (who heads *Celebrity Service* and is an extremely close friend of hers) and yours truly. Earl was, in a sense, responsible for Joan and Chuck (his latest directorial triumph is "Lili") getting together on this project on account of because he introduced them to each other.

*After making large and fancy plans to*



Piper Laurie and Carlos Thompson, at Mocambo, are becoming a steady duo.

attend the Cannes Festival, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas cancelled, then uncancelled, until everything got so confused nobody knew where anybody was going. But all the bets—or nearly all—were that these two would be going in different directions. While on the other foot, Lana Turner, who drowned her disenchantment with Lamas by becoming an item with Arlene's ex, Lex Barker, went merrily off to Europe for a lengthy stay—her first stop being in Spain where she met her chum Ava Gardner for a couple weeks of girl-talk.

You don't hear nothin' around these parts except praise for the extraordinary talents of Don O'Connor—just like it was something new that the kid has developed. Why, shux, we belonged to a cult way back before the "Francis" pictures that did nothing but talk about how good this boy was. Universal-International

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Mike Wilding and Liz Taylor get a night off at Ciro's. He's taking diction lessons, of all things, to soften that British accent for "The Torch Song."



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## what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

flung a party for Don and Janet Leigh on the "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" set that was a real ball. Janet, tired as she was from dancing on a broken bone in her foot, played hostess. The shindig was Shelley Winters' first appearance since the Gassman bambino was born. Shell looks very, very slim and happy. Janet's boy, Tony, was around helping the little woman greet the visitors. All the U-I glamour boys, in fact, were on view—Rock Hudson, Hugh O'Brian, Jeff Chandler, Richard Long, and on and on. Little Lori Nelson and a whole bunch of girl cuties were in on the clambake too. Some fun.

There's another one of those marriages in the crack-up stage—Don and Gwen, that is. From all the people on the sidelines come the rumors and chitchat about Don being miserable without Gwen and vice versa. Seems a little odd that right at the peak of his career he has to have marriage troubles—but the guy works about twenty-four hours a day and she kinda hankers for a career.

Everybody that is anybody flocked to Mocambo when Mary McCarty hauled off with her hilarious and extremely clever new night club act. Never heard such raves or as much palm-beating. The Broadway musical comedy star—that's Mary—has some knockout gowns by Don Loper. Following her Mo stint, she whipped through the Martin & Lewis TV show and took off for a date at the plush gambling heaven, Las Vegas' Flamingo.

Well, you just can't tell the sheep from the goats anymore in this town that talks, eats, and sleeps 67 different varieties of 3-D. There isn't a studio, a promoter, or a rag man who hasn't come up with a new form of it, together with their own names and assorted versions of sound.

We, having viewed with some excitement the Cinerama medium in New

York, had a front row seat at the first showing of the 20th Century-Fox process, CinemaScope. Boy, wait until you see that doll, Monroe, contoured on a curved screen! Not just one hunk of picture did they run of her—but two. A dance number from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which featured Miss M., had the gents in the audience slightly wingy. Then came on some shots from "How To Marry A Millionaire," with Monroe, Grable, and Bacall. Leave me state that aside from the sensation created by the dimensional Marilyn, Betty Grable emerges as a rav-in' beeauty, with a cute comedy sense that is completely different from her old self. Bacall comes across in no small way either. Then 20th showed us some shots from "The Robe" and this just about finished us all off. This is going to be one of the most intensely dramatic films in motion picture history and everybody who was lucky enough to see CinemaScope is panting to gander the finished product on all three movies.

The new platter that Rosemary Clooney and Marlene Dietrich made called, "Dot's Nice, Don-na Fight," was written by Ross Bagdassarian (who helped whip up Rosie's first big hit, "Come On-a My House") and Casey Adams while they were making "Destination Gobi" at 20th. From the horse's mouth (Mitch Miller, who backed these two glammer dames when they recorded it) comes news that if this new and very funny disc doesn't sell a million copies, the horse will eat all that are left over. Casey wrote the platter under his own, and possibly better known name, Max Showalter. Soon after, when he was starring in "Vicki" with Jeanne Crain, another tune popped into his head. He up and played it for Leonard Goldstein and that there producer bought the song which he'll use as the theme tune of the picture.

First wedding anniversary of Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran happened



Victor Mature removes a couple of unwanted tacks from Richard Burton's shoe with side-line kibitzing from Michael Rennie during lull on "The Robe" set.





Jane Powell is playing a night club date in Toronto while the town talks.



Scott Brady is currently appearing at parties around town with Bella Darvi.

practically the same time Dorothy La-mour and Bill Howard celebrated their 10th one. Mrs. H. was all puffed up at the time—not from pride over this happy marriage but with, of all things, the mumps. She, too, has herself a new night club act. Everybody's gettin' into the act.

It finally had to happen—the Mickey Spillane tough detective novels are about to be available on handy-sized film. Couple of the town's newer glammer gals, Carole Mathews and Joan Diener, who are also good friends, were both up for the part of the wicked blonde femme psychiatrist of "I, The Jury," but both had to pass it up for other roles. Either one would have been peachy. Peggie Castle, who used to get all the princess parts in U-I's harem pictures, copped the role. Got a fella named Biff Elliot in the part of *Mike Hammer*, the rough, tough detective.

Real sad, the breakup of the Gene Nel-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

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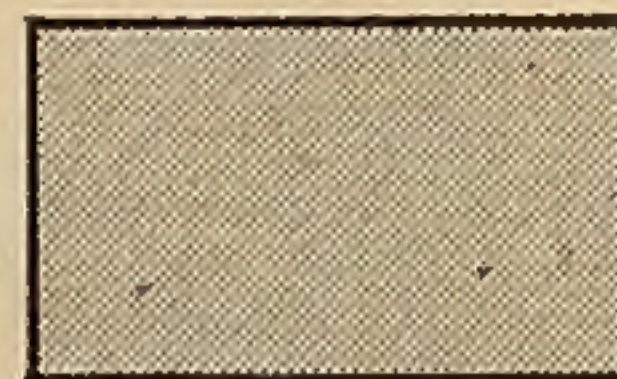
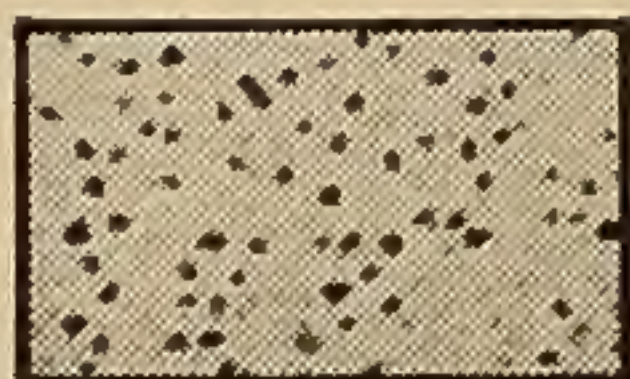


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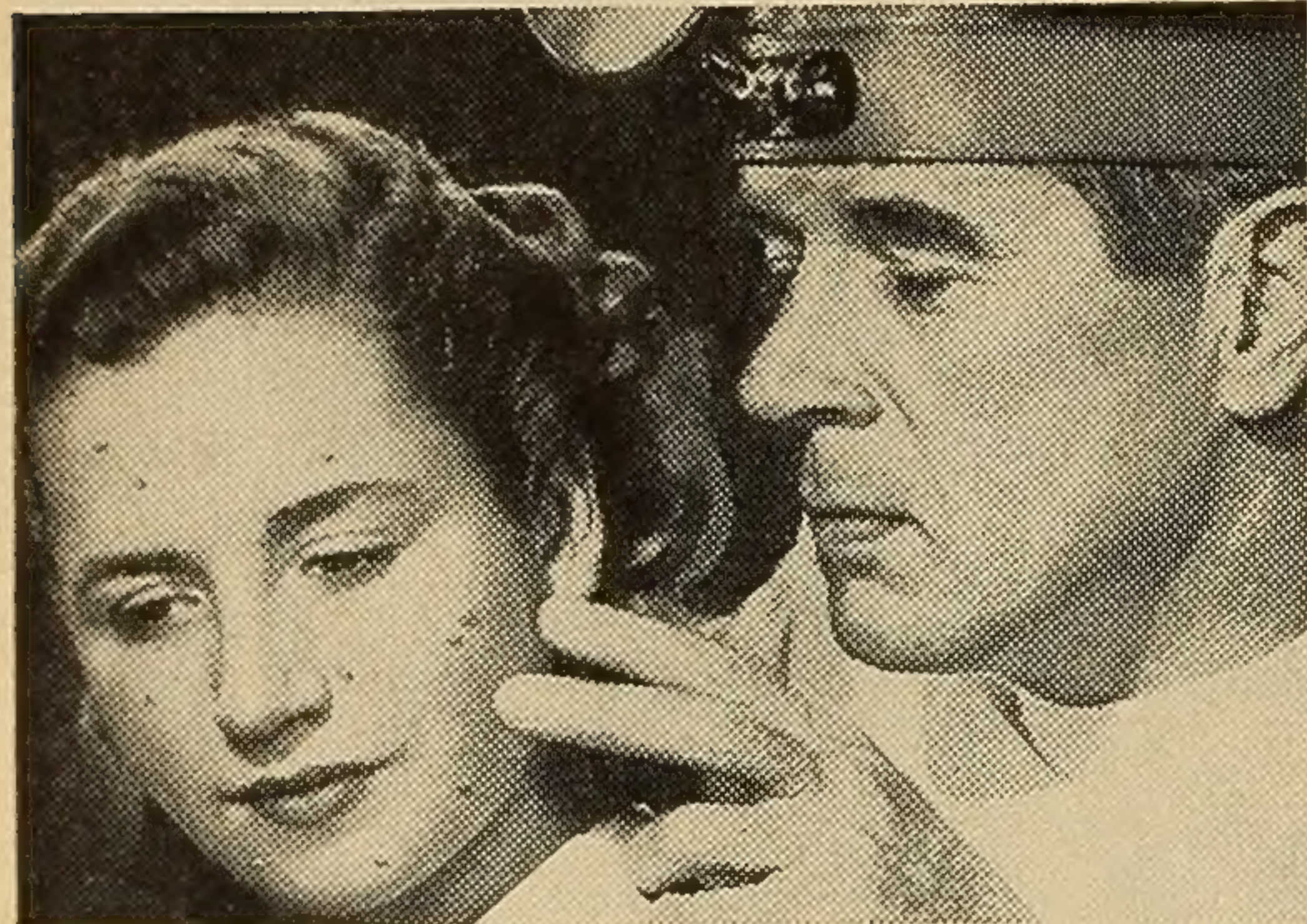
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## what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

son marriage, and a surprise to their friends because this one looked as if it were here to stay. Hope they get back together, as they should. Another that's *comme ci, comme ça* is the Guy Madison-Gail Russell indecision. Sometimes they're happy, sometimes they're sad, to coin an old line from an old song. The Lynn Bari suit against her former husband, Sid Luft—now married to Judy Garland, as if you didn't know, stirred up a storm. The outcome of the Bari bid for a trust fund (which would come out of Judy's bank account) caused many divorced and remarried Hollywoodians a number of sleepless nights. Think how many gals could put the bite on how many wealthy second wives of their ex-husbands! One that got trapped in this deal was Virginia Mayo, who had to pay up 25 gees of Mike O'Shea's back alimony to his first wife out of her own pocket.

Van Johnson joined the army of Hollywood stars to hit the night club road. Broke in at Las Vegas, he did, in a fancy brown tuxedo with red tie and those crazy red socks. Reason for most of the big stars getting out and around the country—well, what were we gabbing about earlier—the conversion to 3-D, which all but stopped production until the studios could get reorganized. Like the fellow once said—you don't have to be crazy in this business but it helps.

Bet John Wayne will ponder a while before the next marriage. What a time the Duke's had trying to get a property settlement out of Chata. The gal just won't make up her mind. Even her attorney finally gave up and told her to hire another one.

Can't say the tempestuous Zsa Zsa Gabor hasn't been the faithful little woman to George Sanders. She postponed her night club debut and later a picture, to fly to Rome twice, where George is making a film for Ingrid Bergman's Roberto

Rossellini. According to some reports, Mr. R. is very deliberate about the way he makes a picture, which is pretty exasperating to Mr. S., who has other fish to fry. Zsa Zsa and Pamela Mason (Mrs. James) are very buddy-buddy—even laugh at each other's jokes.

Jane Russell, who doesn't always approve of the sexy pictures of herself that appear on the billboards, usually makes a tour of the town with the top down on her convertible, inspecting this "art" and stewing about same. Not that it does her any good—the billboards are evidently here to stay.

Marlon Brando's got a cure for this ailment. He just plain won't pose for any pictures—walked out on a party because he spied the photogs aiming his way and finally allowed a national magazine to interview him, way off in the hills somewhere. Ah, well, eccentricity pays—at least for him—at least sometimes.

The only fun Nora Haymes seems to be getting out of life these days is to go out with Nicky Hilton. She's pft with Dick Haymes and has all kinds of income tax trouble, left over from her marriage to Errol Flynn. Things are tough all over.

When Anne Baxter went off more or less merrily on her first European trip, John Hodiak was still going around to the restaurants all by himself. Mebbe Anne's absence will help him forget about her. Can you imagine a guy who lives practically next door to Marilyn Monroe being lonesome?

Maybe Rita Hayworth's romance with Manuel Rojas will be more or less clarified when she and the other members of the troupe return from the Honolulu location of "Miss Sadie Thompson." Lots of emphatic denials that she and her leading man in "Sadie," Aldo Ray, were thattaway. **END**



Janet Leigh squawks as Jeff Chandler tweaks Buddy Hackett at a U-I party.



Nan Grey says happy 40th birthday to hubby Frankie Laine in the nicest way.





Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty will soon move into their honeymoon house.



Wanda Hendrix gets a hot dog from her escort, Mark Scott, at the ball park.



One of Vera-Ellen's frequent dates at Ciro's is talent scout Henry Willson.

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Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Titanic," authentic story of the tragedy that befell the ocean liner on maiden voyage.

## Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

### Titanic

"TITANIC" provides an emotional impact that will wallop you right out of your seats. It tells the story of those who made the luxury liner's fatal maiden voyage. Skipper Brian Aherne's passenger list includes Barbara Stanwyck and her two youngsters, whom she is taking back to the States to escape from their father's (Clifton Webb) snobbish upbringing. Also aboard are college student Bob Wagner, who has a shipboard romance with Audrey Dalton; Thelma Ritter, a wealthy Oklahoman, and Richard Basehart, an unfrocked priest. How each conducts himself in the ship's last fatal moments and how Webb's blue book ideas don't keep him from becoming a hero, is the major story line. Although there are a few humorous moments, movie's main hold is its authenticity and historic appeal. Its jolting climax, with the bizarre disintegration of the ship, provides plenty of dramatic moments and lots of Oscar calibre trouping. 20th Century-Fox.

### By The Light Of The Silvery Moon

As harmless as tiddly winks and as gay as its Technicolor lensing, this Doris

Day-Gordon MacRae starrer continues the small town Americana pattern established in "On Moonlight Bay." All of Doris' film family are present—Leon Ames as pop, Rosemary DeCamp as mother and delightful Billy Gray as her impish brother. Of course, it's Billy (he has delusions of being another Sherlock Holmes) who uncovers that Ames is visiting a mysterious foreign woman regularly. Doris immediately suspects the worst and enlists boy friend Gordon MacRae's aid. While keeping tabs on the harmless femme fatale, the duo also finds time for some harmonizing plus a grand finale in an ice rink. Lots of fun, with a spoof and a song evident in David Butler's directing. Warner Brothers.

### Young Bess

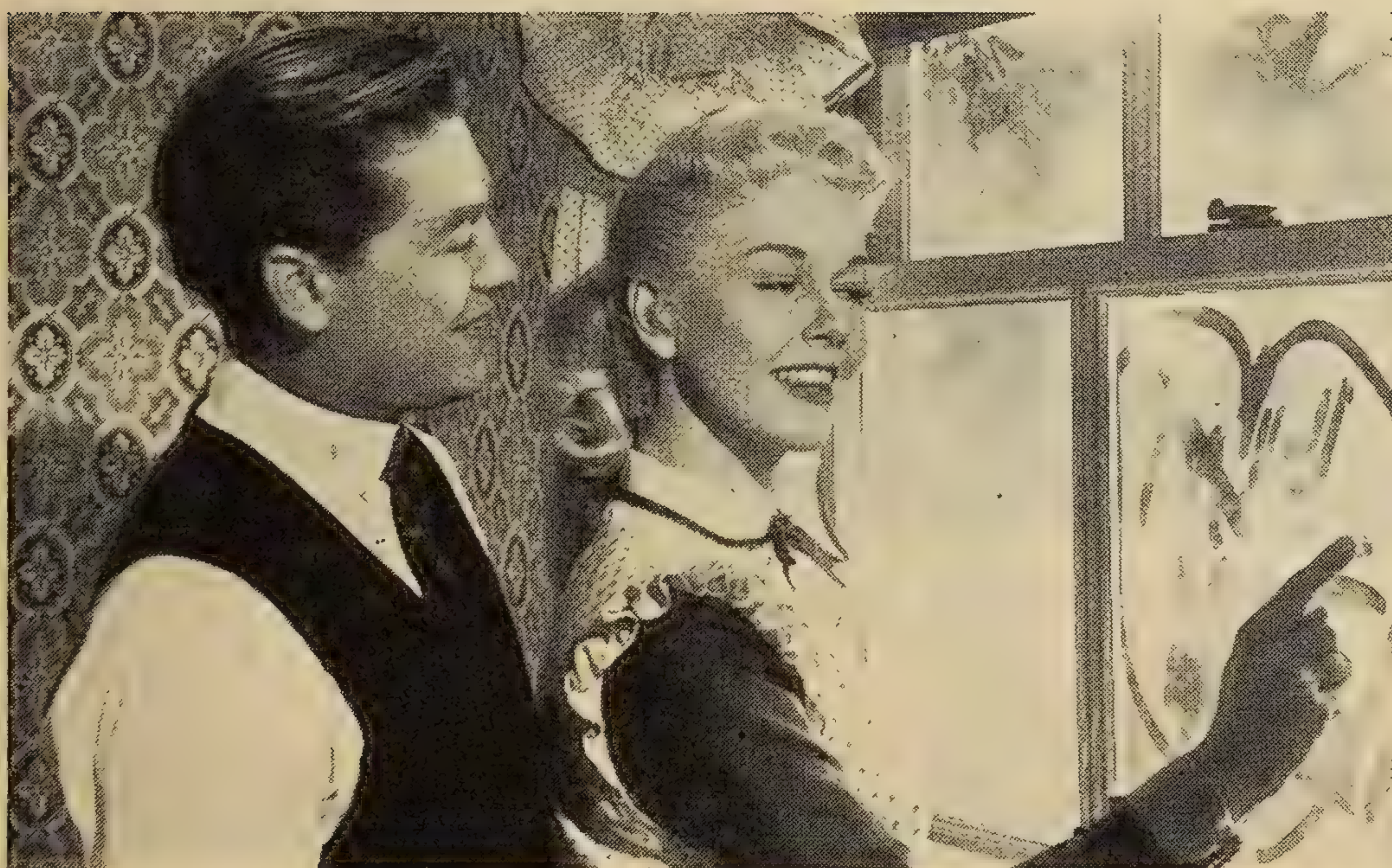
THE tempestuous love story of Britain's "Young Bess" (Jean Simmons) and Thomas Seymour (Stewart Granger) keeps this lavish production from being just another heavy-handed historic account. Before the romance has run its tragic course, the authority of the court, the lawmakers and even King Henry (Charles Laughton) has been challenged.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)





Dynamic Carmen Miranda is a perfect foil for the antics of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin during riotous song and dance number in Hal Wallis' "Scared Stiff."



In "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon," Gordon MacRae and Doris Day continue the small town Americana pattern they established in "On Moonlight Bay."



Charles Laughton, as the pompous, much-married Henry VIII, makes merry with Dawn Addams, his queen of the moment, in MGM's Technicolor film, "Young Bess."



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Now you can put Chlorophyll to work where it does the most good! Just a touch of Gaby's cool green stick destroys perspiration odor *instantly!* Gaby protects longer because Gaby contains *both* Chlorophyll and Hexachlorophene. Get this double protection!

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DEODORANT STICK  
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New Flesh-Color Medication To

DRY UP  
...HIDE **PIMPLES!**



### SUMMER SAFETY

Now you can be safe from embarrassment in bathing suit or low-cut summer dresses. Wunder-skin conceals pimples on shoulders, back, neck... as it helps heal!

## New Hope For Pimple Sufferers

Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Wunder-skin contains antiseptic Dermium\* to discourage the bacteria that can cause and spread unsightly pimples.

**END EMBARRASSMENT**—Wunder-skin is flesh-tinted to conceal pimples, blemishes, black-heads... Blends amazingly well with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for 'round the clock medication.

**Reader's Digest** reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

**GUARANTEED** to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all drug counters.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Send name, address and 10¢ in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 247B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

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\*Purepac's brand of 2, 2'-Methylene bis(3, 4, 6-trichloro phenol)

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Robert Wagner

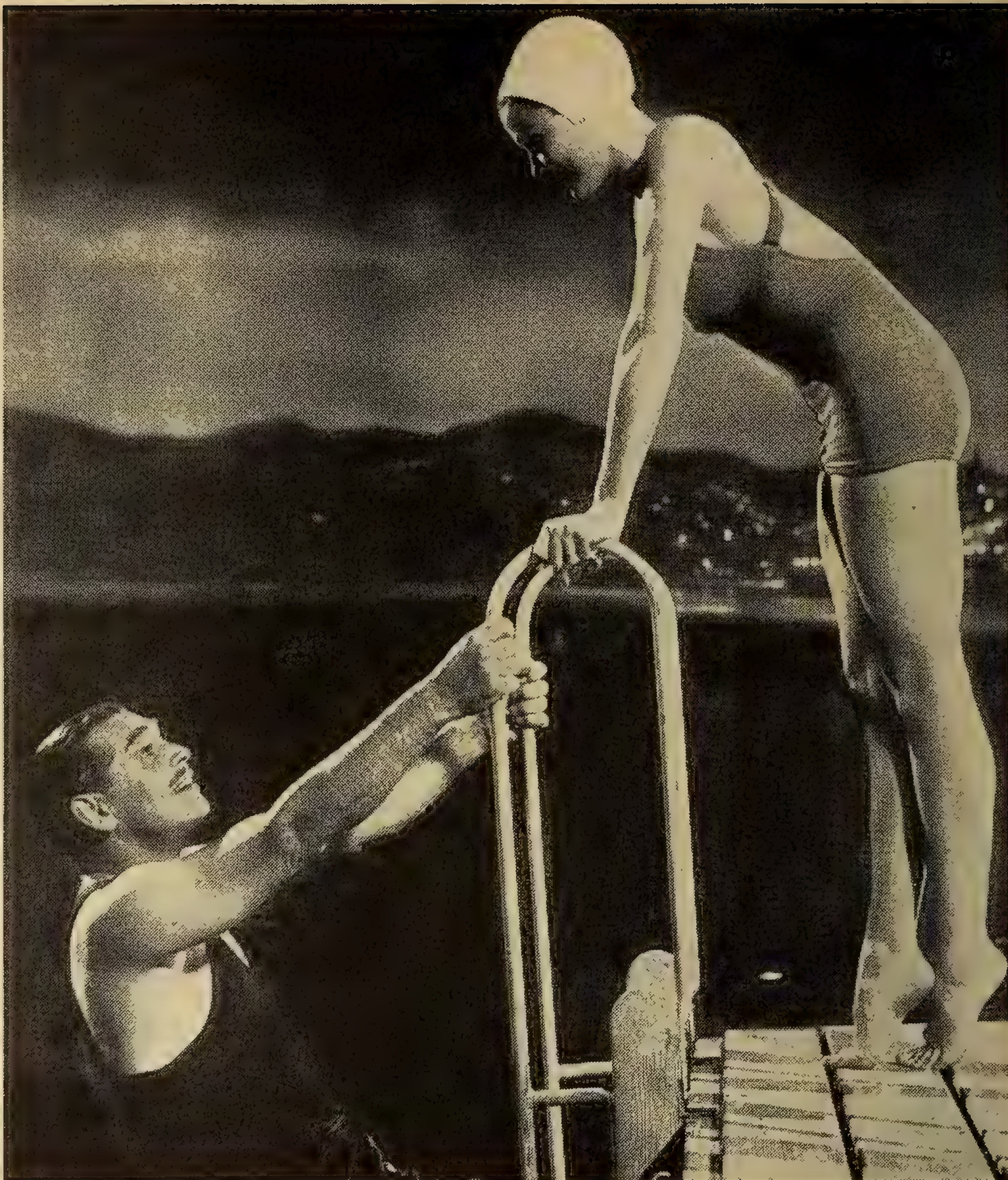
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American newspaperman Clark Gable and Russian dancer Gene Tierney fall in love, marry and then run into trouble behind the Iron Curtain in "Never Let Me Go."

## Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

As a child, Bess is buffeted from step-mother to stepmother while the king continues to execute his various wives. When his last wife (*Deborah Kerr*) sends for the young princess, she refuses to go until the queen dispatches Granger to charm her into living at the palace. Bess immediately falls in love with the dashing naval hero, but he is secretly in love with the queen. Upon the death of the king, Granger and Deborah are wed and invite young Bess to live with them. Eventually, Granger realizes his love for Bess, but their romance becomes a pawn in a political uprising that causes his death and the enthronement of Bess as queen. Lavishly assembled, MGM's color epic finds the girls ably holding their own, with Granger and Laughton fighting it out for male acting honors. **MGM.**

### Sea Devils

**YVONNE DECARLO** and **Rock Hudson** continue to battle each other during most

of the action in this English adventure film. Yvonne, an espionage agent working with Britain against Napoleon, entices smuggler Rock to act as her guide back to her native France, after he injures her fellow agent, Maxwell Reed. When Rock learns that she is a spy, he will have no part of it and returns her to the chief of customs for the British Isles. Yvonne manages to escape her captors and learns of the plans for the French fleet, but is unable to pass this information on until Rock and several of his countrymen belatedly aid her. Film, which was shot in England, is a rather moody, heavy drama. **RKO Release.**

### All I Desire

**WHEN** down-and-out actress **Barbara Stanwyck** returns to her husband (**Richard Carlson**) after deserting her family ten years previously, she does so with misgivings. She has been invited to return by her daughter (**Lori Nelson**) to attend her graduation. None of the other members of the family know that Barbara is coming. It's all very embarrassing but eventually adjustments are made and everything's going fine—until **Lyle Bettger** appears on the scene. It was because of an affair with Lyle and the fear that





Yvonne De Carlo, a spy, enlists aid of Rock Hudson in RKO film, "Sea Devils."



John Derek and Maria Elena Marques in Columbia's "Ambush At Tomahawk Gap."

her husband would find out about it, that Barbara deserted her family. Now that she again has a chance to gain their confidence, she puts up a battle to remain. Carlson and Miss Stanwyck make a handsome pair and inject several unexpected comic moments that keep the film moving at a fast clip. Universal-International.

### Take Me To Town

DANCE hall queen Ann Sheridan can shoot crap or shoot a bear with equal dexterity, but when an FBI agent starts to check on her, she decides this is one thing it would be better to miss. She hides out in a cabin already inhabited—much to her surprise—by three motherless little boys. Ann is caring for the children, but then their father (Sterling Hayden) returns unexpectedly from the lumber mills. Hayden informs Ann that she can't stay at the house, but suddenly changes his mind when he sees her rescue one of the youngsters from a bear. The part-time lumberman-parson offers the dance hall queen a job as housekeeper, which she accepts, and then starts putting a lot more than the house in order. The film is laid in the 1870's, but given a jazzed up treatment.—U.I.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

## New Long-Lasting Lipstick Won't Smear Off— Stays On All Day Long!



Won't Smear Off—  
When You Eat, Smoke!



Won't Smear Off—  
When You Dress!



Won't Smear Off—  
When You Kiss!

It's Sweeping the Country! Amazing No-Smear Lipstick  
Won't Eat Off—Won't Bite Off—Won't Kiss Off!

**Y**OU'LL LOVE IT! And he'll love you more if you wear Hazel Bishop's amazing no-smear lipstick! Because this is the lipstick that won't come off on cups, napkins, cigarettes—or on his collar!

Put it on in the morning or evening and forget about it! Hazel Bishop Lipstick stays on and on—until you yourself easily cream or wash it off! Yes, it outlasts other lipsticks 4 to 5 times, yet costs no more!

No other lipstick is so creamy, so long-lasting! Get Hazel Bishop Lipstick at your favorite cosmetic counter today! 8 wonderful shades.

**Hazel Bishop  
No-Smear Lipstick**

Today—America's Largest-Selling Lipstick!



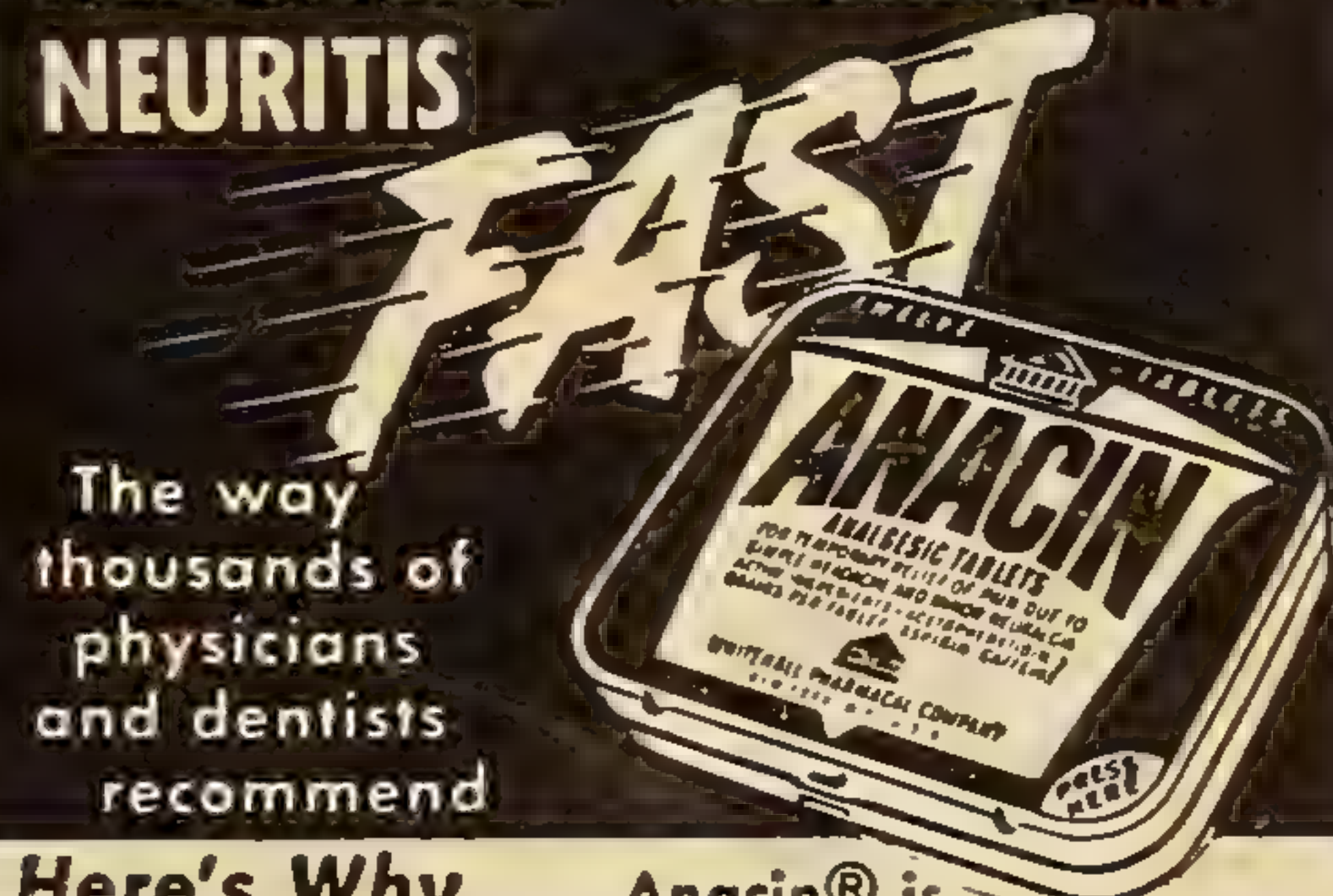
## HEAR NO EVIL



Although it's wise to avoid malicious gossip, only a monkey shuts his ears to reality. And cancer is a grim reality. We must open our ears to the life-saving truths which will teach us and our neighbors the safeguards against cancer. For humanity's sake—and our own preservation—we must support the crusade against this mortal enemy of man.

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CONQUER CANCER  
AMERICAN  
CANCER  
SOCIETY**

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Doctors agree that you look your best, feel your best, act your best, when your weight is right. Are you normally healthy, but discouraged because you have failed to gain those extra pounds which mean the difference between a thin, scraggy appearance and natural, well-rounded loveliness? The cause may be due to lack of essential food elements which your daily diet should contain, such as Vitamins A & D, iron, iodine, riboflavin, thiamin, niacin or the new "Red Wonder Vitamin-B-12", recently described so dramatically in Reader's Digest. If this is the reason for your underweight, try Vimlets for ten days AT OUR EXPENSE. If you are not entirely satisfied return the unused portion and your money will be immediately refunded. Send \$3.00 NOW for box of 100 VIMLETS (200 for \$5.00), your Desirable Weight Chart and VIMLETS Fortified Diet. We pay Postage. Send NOW—You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Equally effective for men and children. CHEMEDICS CO., Dept. C-37 77 S. 5th St., Brooklyn, 11, N.Y.



The  
Chemedics  
Girl is  
Just Right





Ann Sheridan's lusty singing is the big attraction at the Palace of Chance Music Hall in a lumber town in Universal-International's "Take Me To Town."

### Scared Stiff

**U**NLEASH Martin and Lewis on a haunted island and even the spooks will surrender. Dean, a hot-shot singer in a night club, makes the mistake of romancing a gangster's girl friend, Dorothy Malone. When waiter Jerry Lewis learns that his pal is about to be ventilated with a .45, he smuggles him out of the country and aboard a luxury liner. The boys hide in Lizabeth Scott's state room. She persuades them to visit her mystery island where it's every zombie for himself. Hereafter, much of the action gets out of hand, but if you like your entertainment flip, frenzied and frantic, then this Hal Wallis production is for you. Paramount.

### Column South

**C**APTAIN ROBERT STERLING assumes command of a U. S. Army Post in the Territory of New Mexico and immediately forms a dislike for his second in command, Lt. Audie Murphy. He disapproves of Murphy's friendly treatment of the soldiers, the Indians and particularly Capt. Sterling's sister, Joan Evans. When the commanding general of the territory (Ray Collins) arrives for an inspection, he informs Sterling that the Civil War is inevitable and the two Southerners plot to let the Indians overrun the fort and then rescue it later for their cause. Murphy accidentally uncovers their plan in time to thwart the deserters and save his men. Beautiful scenery, plus some unusual battle footage, add greatly to the Western's potentialities. Universal-International.

### Ambush At Tomahawk Gap

**J**UST released from prison, John Hodiak, John Derek, David Brian and Ray Teal have but one goal—to get to the ghost town of Tomahawk Gap and dig up the gold they have hidden there. Constantly



Lieutenant Audie Murphy grapples with Alan Dexter, a killer, in "Column South," Technicolor adventure yarn.



Loretta Young is skeptical of hubby John Forsythe's rain-making plan in U-I's "It Happens Every Thursday."





Energetic Jan Sterling, with husband Paul Douglas, is never still a moment, even gesticulates while talking during dinner.



Bob Hope and his wife, Dolores, enjoying a late snack at the Stork Club during Gotham sojourn.

June Allyson chatting with Van Johnson, who's now embarked on career as night club entertainer.



*Danton Walker's*

## HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

**A**NNE BAXTER went unrecognized in the foyer of "21" because of her unflattering blonde hair—a great mistake in "I Confess" and a greater disappointment in the flesh. Makes her look hard and cheap, something she isn't . . . Deep and dark are the roots Anne, get those tresses back to natural . . .



Danton Walker

Dan Duryea actually smiled during the post-midnight crush at the Stork Club. The usually dour-faced actor proved to be pleasant and surprisingly charming when relaxed, and forgot to frown. A dimpled, laughing Dan Duryea looks years younger than his usual screen self . . .

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)





Danny Kaye and Geraldine Brooks greet each other at party for Anna Magnani.



Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl with guest of honor, Earl Blackwell, at bon voyage party given him at the Pen & Pencil before his departure for Film Festival at Cannes.



Olivia de Havilland and her young son enroute to France for Cannes Festival.



Gertrude Niesen, Roger Dann, Lisa Kirk and Shirley Booth join Ralph Meeker in song at another farewell party for Earl Blackwell (given by Lisa) at Plaza Hotel.

## HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY (CONTINUED)

"Tiresome" is the way many of New York's leading hostesses describe the tete-a-tete two-ing of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas when they are guests at large parties. How two talented people can sit in a crowded room ignoring the assembled guests (*most times those who have arrived solely to honor the Dahl-Lamas twosome*) is something the party-givers would like explained. "Latin Lover" Lamas, heretofore noted for his Continental charm and elegant manners, seems to have slipped since he went from Lana Turner to Arlene Dahl. A reverse switch if there ever was one . . .

**L**UCKILY, Bob Wagner is still comparatively young. His constant habit of grinning became fairly exhausting during his recent toot around town. "Be pleasant and agreeable at all times (*and never forget to appear handsome while doing so*)," seems to be a piece of bad advice handed out to him. He's here to stay with a fine movie career ahead of him. That simpering smile will have to go, however, in New York, at least . . .

Of all the celebrities feted in town in recent weeks, it was Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service,

who enjoyed the fatted calf most. "Mr. Celebrity," as he is known internationally, was the honored guest at a lavish bon voyage party given for him by Lisa Kirk during her Persian Room engagement before he left for the Cannes Film Festival with Olivia De Havilland via Air France.

Shirley Booth, Roger Dann, Gertrude Niesen, Ralph Meeker, Sean O'Shea, Ed and Janet Madden (he's the NBC-TV, v.p.) Tom and Ceil Chapman Rogers (he's the MGM exec), Mike Connolly, Barbara Bebe Lyon (actress daughter of Bebe Daniels and Ben (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)





**BLONDES** . . . Restore the golden color of youth—or add henna or auburn color.

**REDHEADS** . . . Lighten your hair to red-gold—or enrich its natural henna or auburn color.

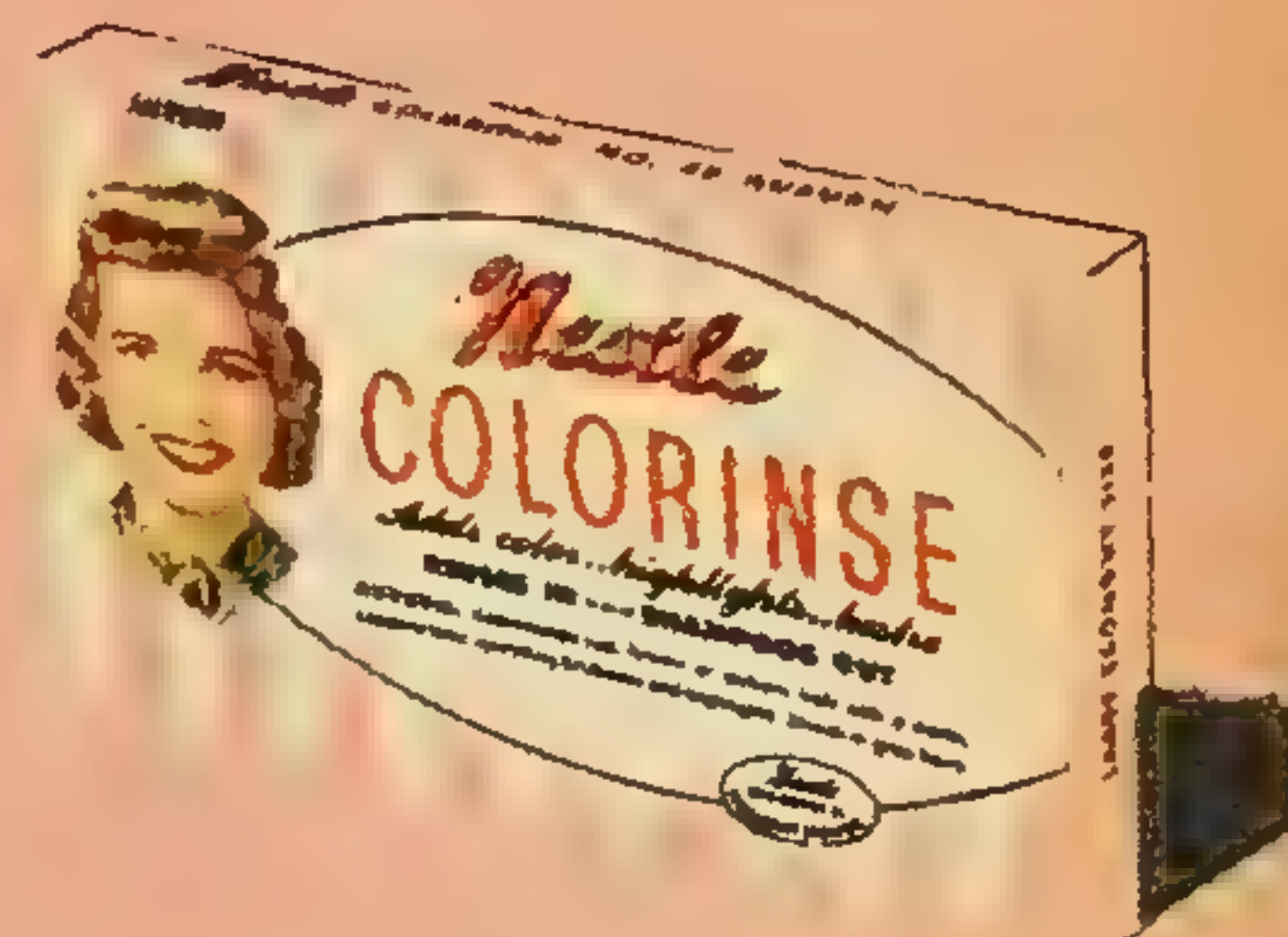
WONDERFUL THINGS HAPPEN . . . when you use

**Nestle HAIR COLOR**

**GLORIOUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS** sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film—adds glamorous color-highlights—makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drab. In 10 beautiful shades that *rinse in—shampoo out!*

6 rinses 25¢;  
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**RICHER COLOR TINTS** glamorize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN, nature's wonder ingredient, to enhance your natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Lasts through as many as 3 shampoos. *More than a rinse but not a permanent dye!* 10 glamorous shades.

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Retouch size 79¢.

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**BROWNETTES** . . . Lighten hair to a golden brown—or add henna, auburn or rich brown color.

**BRUNETTES** . . . Lighten hair—add gold or red or deepen its blue-black color.

**GRAY** . . . Add silver color, blue highlights or steel-gray tones.







*I work  
for Rita!*

**I** FIRST met Rita two years ago when she came back from Europe after her separation from Aly Khan. All I knew about her was what I'd read in the papers.

When I walked up to her suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, I expected anything but what I found—a quiet, sincere, warm-hearted person, as unaffected as my neighbor next door.

We went to the coffee shop below for a hamburger, a milkshake and a chat. From the very beginning I felt at ease. I have ever since.

Rita proved to be an easy employer, for two reasons: She knows what she wants, and once she gives you instructions, leaves you on your (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



"I've been amazed, during  
my two years as her  
personal secretary, at the  
strange contrasts that  
make up Rita Hayworth"



It's fun in the sun for  
Tex and Jinx and the boys because

**"TARTAN** lets you tan  
... never burn!\*"

You'll agree when you try  
America's favorite suntan lotion!

For years millions of sun worshippers—  
like NBC's popular TV and radio family—  
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TARTAN helps you get a smooth, golden  
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Easy to apply, non-greasy.



First suntan lotion awarded  
Seal of Acceptance of the  
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Jinx's and boys' suits by  
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McKESON & ROBBINS,  
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Play safe in  
the sun... use **TARTAN**®

by  
Margaret Parker



by Peter Sherwood

# HELPING

# HAND FOR MARILYN



Enjoying Paul Douglas' wit at swanky dinner. She was accused of being poured into gown she has on.

*Would any other girl have  
fared as well with so terrific a buildup?*



Betty Grable will be Marilyn's co-star in "How To Marry A Millionaire." This is one of many breaks for Marilyn.

**A**T A favored ringside table, on the edge of the closely-packed, postage stamp-sized dance floor of Hollywood's plush and popular Mocambo night club, two well-known producers were earnestly watching Marilyn Monroe. She was swaying—and not too smoothly, either—in the arms of one Joe DiMaggio.

"I still don't get it," said one. "Give any blonde dame that's got a good figure, the will to go places, and an average intelligent mind, plus provocative publicity, and you've got a potential star. The treatment can't fail."

The other producer shook his head dubiously. "The Cinderella stuff, you mean? But it doesn't always work. It needs more than a frenzied publicity campaign, a hopped-up wardrobe, the so-called 'pull' to make a star. And I know what I'm talking about. This Marilyn Monroe has it on the ball. She knows how to *project!*"

Conflicting as it may sound, Hollywood knows that both of the above remarks contain genuine elements of truth. Possibly no star in the last decade of the movies, has received the streamlined, sink-or-swim going over that Marilyn Monroe has gotten at the hands of her sponsors, her believers—and even her detractors.

A top Hollywood movie star today is only as interesting as her *entourage* makes her out to be—and that goes for both friends and enemies. It's a strange thing, but Marilyn's critics have contributed as much to her success, as have her fervent, close-by supporters.

Controversy may not build a character, but—in the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

A toast for Marilyn and co-star Jane Russell of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." ►





With Fredric March in an emotional scene in "Man On A Tightrope," her current film. "If there's anything a man fights it's an attempt to dominate him."

Getting set for a scene. "A girl can make a breakup impossible if she'll remember a few simple things."











*Even when you know what brings together two  
such different people as Rosemary Clooney  
and Jose Ferrer, you still might ask,  
“If they do marry, can it possibly last?”*

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

# ROSEMARY'S FANTASTIC ROMANCE

“THE IDEA of Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney falling in love and being altar bound, is as far-fetched as trying to place a rose and a cactus plant in the same flower vase. They are that opposite—in everything that makes them breathe, live and perform. However, love, like Nature, sees strange miracles happen.”

That puts into words the consensus—from the noisy purlieus of Broadway's Tin Pan Alley to the jittery 3-D labyrinths of the movie world of Hollywood—at the startling news that the Number One Girl of the Ballad World and the First Actor of the American Stage have discovered one another.

Fantastic is the word tied to this romance by one of their closest friends. “What started as a devil-may-care, take-it-or-leave-it acquaintanceship, ripened into a torrid I-can't-live-without-you romance that has astonished equally the principals concerned.”

“I can't understand what he sees in me,” says Rosemary.

“I'm a lucky guy,” says Jose.

Coast to coast, show business is watching this fervent romance with more than (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



“I can't understand what he sees in me,” says Rosie. “I'm a lucky guy,” says Jose.

◀ Now 25, there's no doubt that Rosemary would like to get married.







Here's as startling an  
interview as you'll ever read!

By **MAY MANN BAER**

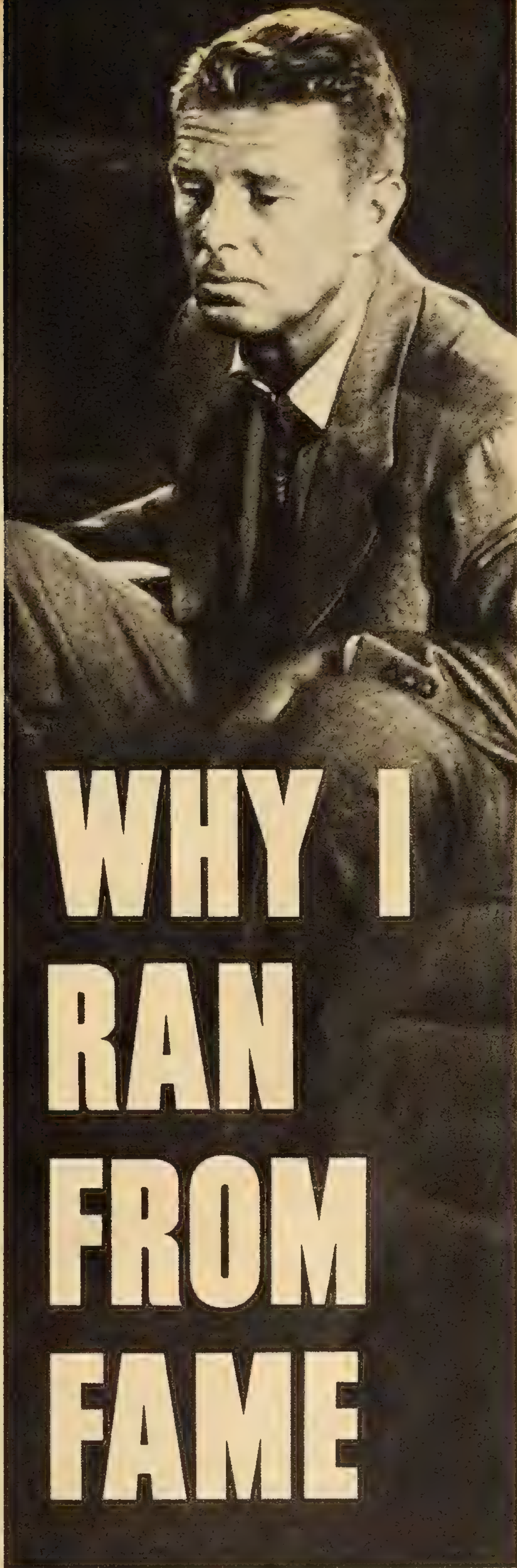
"**A** SECOND try, a third try, a fourth try—I'm running out of numbers," Sterling Hayden smiled whimsically. "Pick a number from one to ten. My story is full of ups and downs, starts and stops, but no ending."

"For a year now," he said, "they've been trying to put my life story together for a movie. I tell them that for every story, there's got to be a beginning and an ending. And who has an ending at thirty-six?"

I'd met Sterling Hayden when I first came to Hollywood, my eyes filled with stardust. Like a few million other femmes, I saw this husky, outdoor-loving, tall, broad-shouldered, blond-headed then twenty-three-year-old—and wisely decided then and there—I'd like to be just good friends with the guy. Confidentially, "He's madly in love with Madeleine Carroll," the studio press agent had told me.

This current second try of his at a screen career is convincingly obvious that, at long last, Sterling Hayden is taking his life seriously. I had seen him in "Hellgate" (not a woman's picture), but this eloquent performance was of Academy Award calibre. Then "Flat Top," in which he played the hard disciplinary naval officer, which Allied Artists had sent us to view aboard the big plane carrier in San Diego harbor where it had been filmed. On the train home, I found myself seated next to Sterling, and I both commented and asked, "This time (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

◀ "I had been involved with the Commies, but was absolved."



With estranged wife Betty and two of their four kids.  
"I'm not running away. It's too complicated to discuss."





"A man should never assume he hasn't a chance with a girl unless he's told so directly by her," says Lana.



# what I'd like to teach men...

Lana Turner gives  
a helpful lesson in male  
behavior you might  
pass on to boys badly  
in need of knowing  
what brings real joy to  
the feminine heart

By REBA and BONNIE  
CHURCHILL

**T**HE ABC's you were taught in grammar school have nothing whatever to do with the particular ones Lana Turner has in mind. ABC's can also stand for All-time Bachelor Complaints—those horrible little habits that make women wince.

The beauteous Lana had casually mentioned the topic during a chat with us. We decided it was our duty to pursue the topic and convey her ABC's so the men of the nation could take fair warning.

Lana's spacious Holmby Hills home was buzzing with excitement. It seems we really picked the time. She was leaving in a matter of hours—flying to Paris to star in MGM's "The Flame And The Flesh." Not only was there last-minute packing to see to, there were dozens of instructions for the staff, Lana's mother moving in to watch over young Cheryl, and answering one phone call after another wishing the star bon voyage.

When we quoted Lana's remark, "What I'd like to teach men," we were afraid, at such a time, she'd much prefer to label the interview, "what I'd like to teach reporters," and her number one point would be to give us a hole in the head. But, we should have known her better. She simply closed off all activity.

Settling comfortably in a wing chair in her den, she took the phone off the receiver, curled up with her feet under her, and school was in session.

"You might think this a bit unusual to list first, but I feel it is important. The date who, every other breath, says, 'I've got news for you' . . . 'Let me say this' . . . (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



There wasn't much Lana had to teach Lex Barker. That's why she fell in love with him.



Jan Sterling, Lana at party. "Men who repeat pet phrases, drive girls crazy."

With Ricardo Montalban, her dancing co-star in "Latin Lovers."





"My idea of marriage is a genuine, lasting love that benefits a whole family."

# *M*arriage Musts For Bok



## Only a down-to-earth girl, who doesn't chase after him, stands a chance with Bob Wagner

By BEN MADDOX

**N**O MATTER what you hear, Bob Wagner hasn't yet started his search for a wife. And for very good reasons. Romantically, he's no playboy. His marriage musts for himself are astonishingly sensible.

Bob talks and plans in an adult manner. He has no desire to be a slick operator with every girl he meets, doesn't hand out a glib line nor want one in return. When he dates, he's all for relaxing and sharing an uncomplicated good time. "This doesn't mean insincere promises on either side," he says. "It doesn't mean pairing off to the exclusion of everyone else." If you don't relish the company of friends, you'll be too self-centered for him.

"I don't go for pseudo-sophistication. A girl who's bored ought to stay home until she decides what she's interested in, because her weary air will never attract me. I think a girl can go way overboard on trimmings. A fellow isn't as impressed by the latest styles as some women fancy. I don't like false beauty, and heavy make-up doesn't appeal to me. Too much jewelry annoys me. A gold pin, one nice thing like that, is distinctive. I think it's a mistake for a girl to try to alter her own personality. It's better to be what you really are from the beginning, than to have it turn out a disappointment later on."

He has no special feminine looks in mind. Appearance alone won't halt him. It's the whole personality that he notices. Recently he has been dating Lori Nelson fairly often. But he's still taking out Kathleen Crowley, Charlotte Austin, Susan Zanuck, Melinda Markey (*daughter of Joan Bennett*), and Barbara Darrow. A date doesn't have to be in the movies. He asks out girls who aren't. But he's firm in his belief that a smart girl does no chas-

ing after a fellow. She'll get nowhere with such tactics.

"I'm going to marry a girl who isn't that aggressive," he vows. "What man wants a domineering wife? I'm not the night club type. A girl who has to be at a ringside table would be the wrong wife for me. Social snobbishness never has awed me. I couldn't be interested in a girl who must be seen in a certain set. It's who and what you are, not your society column standing, that matters in the marriage I want. I would much rather drop in informally at the home of some friends than get involved in any big social deal.

**W**E WANT to be ready for the sort of marriage I'd like to have someday," Bob says, his intelligence standing out promptly. "Being prepared is one of the important steps in love, or in anything else you want to do your best in, it seems to me. I'm optimistic. I suspect there'll always be opportunities, wherever we are. It's just up to us to recognize them. What I worry about a lot, though, is whether I'm actually getting ready to take thorough advantage of a great break. I don't want to leap blindly into something significant. I hate to fail. Moving too fast, without watching out for what you're up against, is a sure way to fumble badly. My hunch is that if I figure out what I'm trying to do, what the situation requires, and then prepare to deliver what's expected of me when I finally get a chance, the odds for clicking will be better.

"My idea of marriage is a genuine, lasting love that benefits a whole family. My folks have had this. I think it's because they were ready, as human beings, to take on all the problems that happen after (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

Susan Zanuck is a favorite date, and not just because she is the boss' daughter.



Bob and Debbie Reynolds, chatting with Lita Calhoun, are now just good friends.



Bob has dated Melinda Markey since they met while working in "Titanic."





# Problems of a Bachelor Girl

by Tom Carlson



**ALTHOUGH, AS WITH ANY OTHER GIRL, PIPER LAURIE'S BIGGEST PROBLEM IS FINDING THE RIGHT MAN TO**

**"P**IPER LAURIE and Rock Hudson dance cheek-to-cheek at the Mocambo. Wedding bells soon?"

*"Piper Laurie is engaged to Producer Leonard Goldstein."*

*"Eastern socialite and Piper Laurie hold hands at '21.' This is serious!"*

If all that was written about Piper's intentions during the past three years were true, she'd be the most fickle girl in Hollywood. Periodically, columnists have her engaged, secretly married and separated.

Every time she dates a fellow more than once, the rumor mill starts to grind. If she's seen with anyone but her "acclaimed" choice of the month, more gossip. Chances are the cycle won't stop till Piper gets married—if then!

Piper's problem is serious—but basically no different from the same type of problem encountered by thousands of bachelor girls all over the United States. Whether the

gossip starts in a syndicated column or by a nosy neighbor, on the studio set or across the backyard fence of a mid-western town, the causes are usually similar—the effects always the same!

**T**HIS sort of tattle—in word or print—can hurt in more ways than one. During the time Piper was supposedly "engaged" to Leonard Goldstein, congratulatory telegrams and presents from her relatives soon started to arrive. The much embarrassed Piper then had to sit down and write apologetic explanations and, of course, return the presents.

Also, when word spread around, men outside the industry who weren't familiar with Hollywood's interpretations of romances, refrained from calling her for a date. As a result, she spent most of her evenings at home when





Dates often expect the same amorous yielding they see Piper perform on the screen with leading men such as Tony Curtis.

Piper's biggest break career-wise was in being chosen for the box-office hit, "The Mississippi Gambler," with Ty Power.



Piper has matured, is now well poised under any conditions, whether it be on the set or in her dealing with eager wolves.

With Rock Hudson at Stork Club. Gossip columnists reported them engaged when Piper and Rock dated more than once.



## MARRY, SHE ALSO HAS OTHER PROBLEMS TO WORRY ABOUT THAT OFTEN SEEM BEYOND SOLUTION

she would have liked to go dancing, or to a movie or party.

Dating is a problem in itself, even for the beautiful Piper—for there are not many eligible bachelors among the movie crowd—eligible as far as Piper is concerned, for her standards are high. Others, outside the industry, are often too bashful to ask for a date, or afraid that a movie star of Piper's standing wouldn't even consider an evening with anyone less than a hotel heir, a Texas oil millionaire, or a European nobleman.

**P**IPER had one such experience during her recent personal appearance tour to the Eastern Seaboard states.

In one of the New England cities, a luncheon was arranged for her to meet representatives of the local press, as well as college publications.

Among the reporters was a tall, handsome, quiet young

man, who was a senior at a nearby university, and editor of the school's "Weekly." Timidly, he hinted for a date with Piper for that night, but didn't dare to come right out and ask.

Piper indicated her willingness to accept, but that wasn't enough—not till she told him that she was interested in the local sights, and had no one, absolutely no one, to take her around. Then he popped the question.

More often, however, the problem is to keep from making the "wrong" date. Wolves, Piper has learned, are neither restricted to Hollywood, nor to age groups, profession, family background, weight, height or color of hair.

She had her first such experience when she was eleven, on her first date. After that she didn't want another for three years!

The boy who took her to the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56).







# You can't keep out of SCANDAL

*"There'll be more disturbing stories about me in the future," says Glenn Ford, "and you can be sure I'll neither confirm nor deny them"*

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

**"D**ON'T believe everything you hear, Peer," cautioned Glenn Ford. "In Hollywood you simply can't keep out of scandal."

He was referring to my inquiry about the recent headlines which heralded that he and Ellie had once again called it quits, that their marriage this time was hopelessly on the rocks, that he had stormed out of their Beverly Hills home never to return.

"But what about you and all those beautiful girls in London and Paris while you were abroad?"

Glenn only smiled. He wouldn't confirm and wouldn't deny it.

"And in Vienna," I continued, "I saw pictures of you and three beautiful Viennese frauleins at the Opera..."

Glenn looked at me quizzically.

"Tell me, Peer, how long have you known Ellie and me?"

"Oh—about six years..."

"Do you think we're unhappy? About to separate?"

Before answering I looked around the room.

Glenn, obviously, was his usual friendly, contented, cheerful self. Ellie, as always on Thursdays—the couple's day off—dressed like a hausfrau but looking very attractive, was busy cleaning, cooking and had been chatting about the house, school, church and neighbors. And Pete, sitting on

the floor in the corner, was weaving pot holders he hoped to give his mother as a birthday present.

This was not the picture of a family about to break up.

"Ridiculous," I admitted.

"That's your answer. But unfortunately, in Hollywood you can't keep out of scandal..."

Glenn refilled his pipe. "In other cities," he went on, "a wife quarrels with her husband and no one cares—except the husband! A fellow gets drunk—and that's his business. And, unless a person gets divorced at least five times, no one ever seems to hear about it.

"But here—if an extra gets into trouble, or a guy spends one night at a Hollywood hotel, on his way from Honolulu to Kansas City, and commits an indiscretion, or a doctor who lives in Glendale, fifteen miles away, gets into professional difficulties, Hollywood gets the entire blame. What's more, the better known you are, the more likely you'll appear on page one headlines. Out here everything from a parking ticket to a black eye is a nationwide scandal!"

**G**LENN wasn't bitter about it. A veteran of nine years in the industry, he'd gotten used to it like a mail carrier does to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



Diana Lynn, Glenn in "Plunder Of The Sun." Stars are rumor targets.



Glenn is forever being accused of falling in love with leading ladies.

◀ "Sometimes I'm really astounded by what I'm supposed to have done," says Glenn.



*I think that men who have loved before are better partners in romance, on the screen or off.*

# I'd rather kiss a married man

By JOANNE DRU



John Ireland, Joanne's husband, with his two sons. She fell in love with him during making of a picture.

**I** HAVE made many movies, and have kissed many men. It was, it seemed, my good fortune to kiss a man that thousands of girls everywhere would give their best lipstick to embrace. His name is Montgomery Clift. On the screen the kiss looked effective, but . . . but . . . I hate to say this, girls—you haven't missed anything.

Frankly, I prefer the kisses of men who have been married.

It's not just because I have been married twice, or because I am an actress who must kiss and be kissed repeatedly before the camera's eye, that I have such strong notions on the subject. Like all women I'm not infallible, but—and do give me credit—I think that sexperience, if I might coin a word, is something not only to watch out for, but to be grateful for.

**B**UT to go back to Monty Clift, let's give him the benefit of the doubt. It's quite possible that he doesn't kiss on the screen as he does off. He may be one of those expert actors who can put life into a role—and forget the soul. It's also possible that when he does find a girl to love off the screen, he will make her very happy.

I shall always remember a foreign star, a top exotic actress, who once lamented to me, "But what are these young American leading men? They kiss you as if they are pushing their way through a crowd. There is no finesse, no consideration for the feelings. They have no words to make the actions believable, or acceptable. They are like bulls in a china shop,





"I know that many girls want to be first in a man's life and affections. But with the actress it's another story."

these handsome young film lovers of the Americas."

She meant, of course, the United States. I am quite sure that if she had ever made a picture south of the border, she would have changed her mind—in a hurry. Love, even on the screen, is not always where you find it—but how you take it.

Most screen lovers, I have found, are hard to take. It has never been my privilege to be made love to on the screen by Gregory Peck. My feeling is that he, with all his private and professional experience, would be an exciting lover—on and off the screen. A woman in love, and wanting love, whether she is acting a screen role or living a real-life part, wants poise. There's so little poise to the adolescent lover.

I once made a screen test with a heart-throb of the New York theatre. He was all (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)



The Irelands at Mocambo. "Men don't learn the art of kissing until middle age," says she, speaking of actors.







By JERRY ASHER

*Rory Calhoun often gives his hot-tempered wife, Lita, reason to strangle him*

# Sometimes She Could Murder Me!

**I**f Mrs. Rory Calhoun weren't so in love with her tall, dark and very handsome husband—she'd probably strangle him! Mind you, this homicidal urge doesn't consume her every day in the year. Not even on odd Sundays, either. It just creeps up on occasions, very special occasions like the time, recently, when her charm chap invited the Ricardo Montalban for dinner.

Now, lovely Lita adores Ricardo and his Georgianna and having been holed up for weeks with a cold, she was starving for social activity. All this Rory included in his mental musings as he drove along to the studio.

It was the last day of shooting on "Powder River," so he could sleep late in the morning. Months had slipped by since the Montalbans and Calhouns had seen each other, and it was worth a try. Perhaps they all might have dinner together this very night! Rory pulled up in front of a drug store, went inside to a phone booth and called them.

The Montalbans happened to be free, they were delighted to accept the dinner invitation, and pleased as punch with his ingenuity, Rory made his happy way to the studio.

"There was just one tiny little thing I forgot!" He's a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



"It's a temptation for a man to be lazy if there is someone to love him and see him through."



Rory is absent-minded and given to day-dreaming. He adores Lita's fiery temper.



# DOES MOTHER ALWAYS KNOW BEST?

By VINCENT ROGERS

**"S**OMETIMES I wonder if Mother always knows best. When I look at today's younger generation, I am greatly encouraged by what I see. Today's moral standards are just as high as they were in my day—and the worst that can be said of the youth of our time is that, perhaps, it is growing up too fast."

These are the words of actress Peggy Wood, whose own personality reflects the blend of comedy, subtle humor, deep sentiment and reality in the title role she so eloquently plays in CBS-TV's "Mama" series.

"I don't know if Mother always knows best," she goes on, "because *everything* has changed so much in the past fifty years that the parent is often as bewildered as the child. Fifty years ago there was a slow-paced pattern of life that hadn't changed much in a long while, and it was quite possible for Mother *always* to know better.

"Of course, I think there is a great difference between the young people of my day and now, because there was more family life then," says Miss Wood. "There weren't so many outside diversions such as the movies, TV, cars, to take the family away from the home. Consequently, Mother held a firmer—and perhaps more guiding hand."

**T**HIS actress is of the opinion, despite the role she plays in TV, that the mother who thinks she is infinitely wise and *always* right, gains little ground. Mother probably knows best from her own experience because she's older and is aware of similarity to cases she's either experienced or heard about. She has a collection of facts to go on.

"I think Mother often knows best by knowing when to keep her mouth shut and let her child learn by experience. The child expects a certain amount of protection, but it doesn't want to be smothered. The older generation should not dictate, but cooperate with the younger generation," says Miss Wood.

She agrees with the opinions of leading educators and child psychologists when she claims that there's (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



Peggy Wood says the modern mother knows when to let her children learn by experience.

*Papa (Judson Laire)* always thinks *Mama* knows best, even when the children doubt it.





PARENT-CHILD BATTLE FROM ALL ANGLES, AND HAS ENCOURAGING THINGS TO SAY ABOUT TODAY'S YOUTH



The lively family surrounding Peggy Wood on CBS-TV includes Judson Laire, Rosemary Rice, Dick Van Patten, Robin Morgan.



Listening in on what's going on  
behind the scenes in television — all the  
latest video news and views

# MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

By **MAGGI McNELLIS**



Rita Hayworth's appearance at the N. Y. telecast premiere of "Salome" caused a stampede and a horror for Faye Emerson.



Meeting at the opening of "The Stars Are Singing," Maggi and Rosemary Clooney agree on the misfortune of owning mink.

**"T**o BOB or not to bob," that was the burning question of the day that nosed out all others, after singer Eddie Fisher completed camera rehearsals for his NBC-TV fifteen-minute series. Undecided as to whether or not to follow Vic Damone's example of plastic surgery, friends of Eddie Fisher think he should, but, personally I don't think he should.

Rosalind Russell's "Never Wave At A WAC" Coast-to-Coast plug on "Toast Of The Town" helped the film do great business at box-offices all over the country. Her "in person" Broadway musical hit, "Wonderful Town," by the way, is a complete sell-out for many months to come. Roz will return to "Toast Of The Town" next October.

Rosemary Clooney agrees that mink, in any shade, never televises as well as it looks in the movies. On TV, the precious pelt takes on a shabby mink-dyed-muskrat appearance. The Clooney lass insists that inexpensive rabbit fur shows up a lot better than costly ermine. Could it be that Imogene Coca's sleazy-looking fur-pieces in her "Show Of Shows" comedy sketches are genuine sable . . . !?!





TV joined John Ringling North's Circus opening night with Marlene Dietrich as Ringmaster, Gloria Stokowski, chairman.



Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, in christening dress, gives 2-year-old sister Lucy the once-over as ma Lucille Ball beams.

**F**AYE EMERSON narrowly missed serious injury at the N. Y. "Salome" telecast premiere festivities when the platform she was standing on, buckled beneath her because of the crushing crowds who tried to get close to "Salome" star Rita Hayworth. A terrifying experience.

*Asked what the Egyptian swallow bird was called, Dagmar fractured Jimmy Durante with her reply. "It's an Esophagus," she answered.*

Barry Nelson, stage and screen actor, who plays the male lead opposite Joan Caulfield in the CBS-TV "My Favorite Husband" series, was once "unofficially" engaged to Janet Leigh (*Mrs. Tony Curtis*) while starring in the Broadway play, "Light Up The Sky," several years ago. During their courtship he sent Janet an autographed copy of the Isabel Scott Rorick novel, "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat." The "My Favorite Husband" video series is based on two of the Rorick books—"Outside Eden" and "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat."

**F**IVE of the most recent Hollywood films to be released to TV-viewers are "Rocketship X-M," "Man Bait," "Stölen Face," "Lost Continent" and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



Linda Christian and well-known designer Fontana were mobbed by the tremendous crowd at the "Salome" premiere.




SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES

BY MARCIA MOORE

# TOPS IN TOPS

FRAN WARREN IN SOME QUICK CHANGES FROM LEADING VARIETY STORES



**T**HE limited budget functions at its best when separates are combined in planned pattern for each occasion. Careful selection, not the amount of dollars spent, adds up to the total look that rates the double-take. Start your wardrobe plans with a well-fitted pair of shorts, a skirt tailored to perfection, slacks and pedal pushers that do the most for your derriere—then concentrate on the tops—those blouse changes calculated to create new costumes in variations of color, texture, fabric and styling which flatter you. Fran Warren, vocalist, models some of the best buys we've found under \$2.

An important "little" blouse. In cotton. 98c at KRESS.





**Chevron-embossed Everglaze cotton in a boned-and-ruffled bodice. For small, medium, large sizes. Just \$1 at most KRESGE Stores.**



**Elasticized tube top of cotton and terry is reversible. 89c at McCrory's. Cardigan at McLELLAN'S. \$1.98.**



**Terry cloth halter from H. L. GREEN Stores comes in all white or white with maize or aqua trim. \$1.**



**The T-shirt that goes everywhere—this one in red or navy stripes with white. In small, medium, large sizes. \$1.98 at McLELLAN'S.**





Georgia Landau, NBC-TV player, models Sea Nymph's faille Lastex suit (about \$11), Pacific's "Seahorse Stripe" towel (about \$3).



Dorothy Hart, NBC-TV and movie star, in Catalina's "Success Story" suit of faille Lastex. About \$20.

BE A PICTURE AT THE BEACH IN A NEW SHIRRED SUIT, FRAMED BY THE SUN AND SURF



"Livin' Doll" is the name of this Catalina suit worn by Dorothy. In Fuller cotton, \$10.95. It comes in pink, blue or navy stripes.

# Sea - Scapes

By MARCIA MOORE

A problem figure is no longer a problem—shirring is the answer. These new suits do tricks to accommodate length or to accent curves in a pretty way.

The design is the answer—in candy cottons, durable nylon or acetate Lastex. Even wool is an accepted swim suit fabric.

For information as to where to buy the suits shown here, write to Marcia Moore, Screenland Magazine, 10 E. 40th St., N. Y. C.



# HELPING HAND FOR MARILYN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

case of Marilyn—controversy has done much to mould a well established figure in the public eye.

Is Marilyn a film flash-in-the-pan exhibit, a girl whose pin-up allure will fade as the tastes—often finicky and fickle—of the fans change?

Or has Marilyn, with or without the platinum build-up that has been given her, carved a permanent niche for herself in the Hollywood order of immortals?

The helping hand that Marilyn Monroe has received in making her a star has been a generous and lavish one. From production head Darryl F. Zanuck to the lowliest seamstress in wardrobe, the enthusiasm at 20th Century-Fox has been vigorous and constructive. Here was a shining newcomer with all the possibilities of one of the biggest box-office bets since Jean Harlow. What to do about it?

From the front office, the word went out. "The sky's the limit. Give her the best clothes. The best training in everything from elocution to dancing. Build up a new coterie of friends for her—people of intelligence, people of sophistication, people who know their way around, artistically and socially. Let the girl learn a little about all the things she never had."

The idea paid off. In the tip-toe grooming that was given Marilyn Monroe on the home lot, the best experts went to work to produce a scintillating, polished and refined product, and it seems that they succeeded. But, and this but is an interesting one, the experts, from make-up to wardrobe, are all of one opinion.

"Marilyn is a cinch to work with," they will tell you. "This wasn't an ordinary bit of clay, but a good model to mould. It wasn't hard to give the right coiffure to a head of hair that already existed; the right kind of clothes that only her body could wear; the make-up that an already good skin could only enhance."

Enthusiasm? Yes, the workers on Marilyn's home lot have nothing but enthusiasm for the girl. So far, she's been a real credit for all the hard work that's gone into providing the best kind of frame for the picture. Marilyn has shown herself to be grateful, the public excited and interested, the studio itself oozing with pride.

Currently one of the things that worries not only Marilyn's friends, but her studio itself, is her state of health. She is greatly addicted to colds, very bad ones. But lately, she has learned to take care of herself, and contrary to what many people believe, she doesn't burn the midnight oil.

Night clubs, actually, are anathema to her, and on the rare occasions when Joe DiMaggio shoots into town and stays at the Knickerbocker Hotel, she indulges in a little more play than usual.

"The best thing that Joe can give Marilyn is a taste of the kind of family life

she has never had," reveals one of her closest friends. "In the meantime, she spends most of her evenings—like Marlon Brando—in bettering herself. Marilyn has become an earnest and steady reader, and because her medical advisors have ordered more rest, more sleep—the picking up of a book has come more naturally to her."

Here is what Marilyn has to say about that. "Because I have had so very little education, I know my limitations. While I want to be neither a quiz kid nor a pseudo-intellectual, I would like to know what makes things tick."

Highlight of Marilyn's "helping hand" was the studio's wisdom in putting her in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Says Mr. Zanuck, "If anyone has ever had any doubt as to her future here is the answer. Just as a top star can never turn a bad story into a box-office success, so will 'Blondes' prove that the best talents in story-telling and star-appearances are still a combination that can't be beaten."

Consequently, the Cinderella treatment, which has produced many dividends in Marilyn's first years before the cameras, is going to continue. But with some changes.

In Marilyn's case, it is known, the accent will no longer be on sex. The girl, it seems, has talent, too—and long before the gilt-edged veneer wears thin, Marilyn's producers have decided to emphasize the young lady's talents rather than her physical attributes.

It was a bit of a blow, you see, to even those who believed most in her, when veteran of the Hollywood movie scene Joan Crawford suddenly blew her top—and just because of Marilyn.

The incident occurred at an awards dinner, when Marilyn put on a hip-swinging display that brought down the house. "It was like a burlesque show," exclaimed Joan. "The audience

yelled and shouted. But those of us in the industry just shuddered."

Later, Miss Crawford said in connection with the newcomer. "Sex is important in everyone's life, but no one likes to see it flaunted. And that goes from the grown-ups to the kids. Apparently, Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her own publicity. What she should really know is that the public, although liking provocative feminine personalities, invariably insists that, underneath it all, the actresses still be ladies."

Merited or not, Miss Crawford's bitter condemnation of Miss Monroe's power to appeal set the front office thinking. Had they gone perhaps too far with their sex build-up of Miss Monroe, or had the young actress overplayed the weapons they had spent so much time and money in magnifying?

The proof of the pudding lies in what is now happening to Miss Monroe.

Joan Crawford's blow-up notwithstanding, Marilyn Monroe is being given the biggest build-up yet. She is being put into pictures with Jane Russell and Betty Grable. And the word has gone out: make them big pictures, make them interesting, and make them real—and don't stint on Marilyn.

Would they do all this if the young woman had nothing on the ball? It is extremely doubtful. Hollywood, faced with intensive and growing competition in all fields of entertainment, can't afford to take chances. In Marilyn Monroe, the studios believe they have a property the full values of which have yet to be exploited. You ain't, if you listen to the studios, seen nuthin' yet."

The reason?

Marilyn Monroe doesn't need all the help, the glamourizing, the encouragement that has come her way. A natural showwoman, Marilyn unquestionably has the ability to project. And you can spell that in capitals. No matter what anyone may say about her, Marilyn Monroe's got IT. And IT has always paid off at the box-office.

END



Marilyn going over her lines with a voice coach during the filming of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." No one now takes a career more seriously.



# *The Amazing Story*



"Something rare and good can even come out of illness," says Ann Sothern, who has experienced a complete metamorphosis.



# of Ann!

After three long years of illness,  
when medical science had done all it could for  
Ann Sothern, came a day when her fate  
lay solely in her own hands

By JERRY ASHER

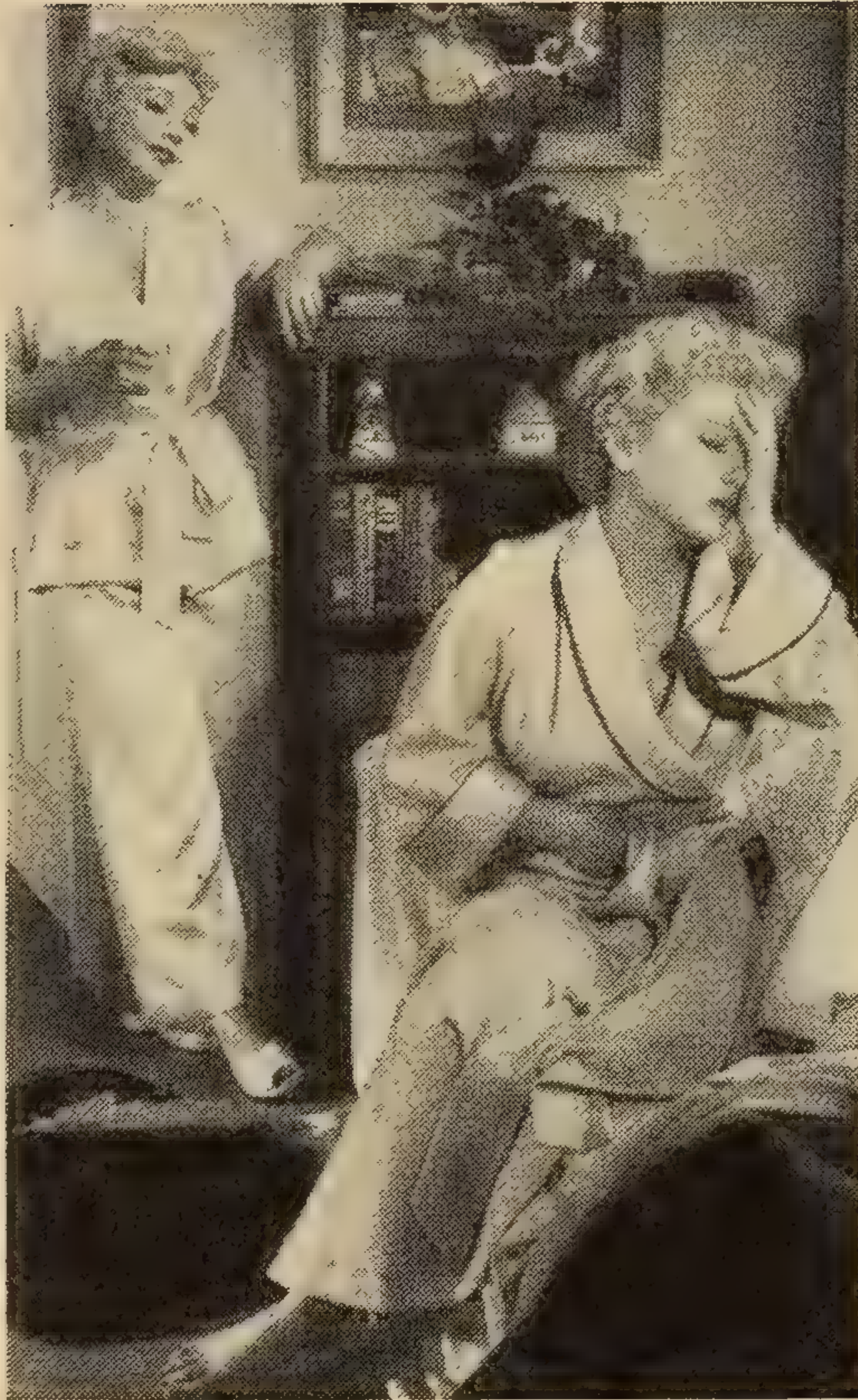
FOR ANN SOTHERN, the world is a bright and shining place today, and there are golden skies. But it wasn't always so. Ann has emerged from a storm, a dark storm that lasted three long, disheartening years while she clung to life within the ominous confines of the sick room. Two major operations, plus a serious siege of infectious hepatitis (*a liver virus that turns its victim to a nice pretty daffodil shade*) took their toll. Fortunately for Ann, out of her harrowing experience came a philosophical viewpoint too, expressed in one of her favorite songs.

"When you walk through a storm,  
keep your chin up high  
And don't be afraid of the dark,  
At the end of the storm is a golden sky  
And the sweet silver song of the lark."

The first time Ann heard these lyrics from "You'll Never Walk Alone," she was in New York where the Theatre Guild's memorable "Carousel" was playing at the Majestic Theatre. The enchantment of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit tune made a lasting impression on Ann, but little did she realize then how prophetic the words were to become.

"Any progressive person who overcomes adversity," says Ann, "is bound to be a *better* person. By this I mean there has been uninterrupted time to take mental inventory. Lying there helpless, your entire life unfolds until a complete metamorphosis revolutionizes your way of thinking. Suddenly you become so aware that your thoughts *are* your own, that you *do* have a choice, and by thinking constructively the compensations are endless."

THE serenity surrounding Ann when she speaks is a bit baffling, to say the least! By the widest stretch of the imagination, it's difficult to realize how close she came to oblivion. To look at her and listen to her objective, enthusiastic outlook on life is to know that hers is a tenacious, inspired spirit. For example, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



In a brief role in "The Blue Gardenia" with Anne Baxter, Ann stole the show.



Before operations took their toll, Ann was a favorite in the "Maisie" series.



"Private Secretary," Ann's Sunday TV show, has become tremendously popular.



Serene and healthy, Ann spends a great deal of free time with daughter Tish.



# Sorcery for Summer



Terry stresses the importance of a greaseless suntan lotion like Tartan to keep skin smooth, prevent burn.

That young enchantress, Terry Moore, shows you some basic

ways to add to the effectiveness of your own brand of magic

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM



Eyebrow pencil, applied by sketching strokes, is part of evening glamour.



Terry uses a powder brush to remove excess powder from face, shoulders.



Favorite perfume should be put on at many pulse points to get full effect.





Mascara helps emphasize eyes and frame them prettily. After application, use a dry brush to remove the excess.



Terry Moore, like most professionals, uses a lip brush for greater accuracy in getting a perfect lipstick outline.

**A**SK A real beauty like 20th Century-Fox's Terry Moore how she manages always to look as "pretty as a picture" and she may not be able to give you an answer. The truth is, she may not even realize that it's because she never takes her good looks for granted—never stops her campaign to look even lovelier. It would be a wonderful thing if we could all adopt the habit. As it is, we tend to prevaricate, and put off doing anything about the way we look until we're forced into action by the sight of ourselves in our own mirrors. This means, of course, that unlike Terry, we have no consistency. Our level of attractiveness ranges all the way from exciting heights to the most depressing depths. There's a great deal that you can do to improve this situation—better get going right now so you can start reaping the rewards of your new-found sorcery this Summer. The beauticians have done the work—all that you have to do is take advantage of it.

**T**AKE permanent waves as an example. When beauticians first conceived them, they were such compli-

cated affairs that they could only be given in a beauty salon. Next came home permanents. Originally, all home permanents were very nearly alike. But look at home permanents now! And particularly, look at what they have just done to Lilt. As though it weren't enough of an achievement to improve the waving lotion, supply vastly superior end papers and put the simplified directions in booklet form, Proctor and Gamble have perfected an *instant* neutralizer. This instant neutralizing saves you an important amount of time when you're giving yourself that pre-vacation permanent. In case you're wondering just how it could save you so *much* time when there are home permanents that cut the neutralizer entirely, we'd better explain. Neutralizing has to take place, you know, or your wave couldn't be "permanent." When you don't use a chemical, the air has to do the job. But with air alone it takes hours and hours to complete the neutralizing. The new Proctor and Gamble neutralizer and method involves only enough time to make sure that your hair has been wet with the solution. The moment the formula touches your

hair the wave is "fixed." Another advantage is that this new neutralizer has a built-in wave conditioner. In other words, the instant neutralizer is made up of two parts: a packet of wave conditioner and a packet of neutralizer. Dissolved together they complete the new formula and assure you both a faster wave and a wave that leaves your hair in better condition. You can get this new Lilt, with all these important improvements (*including a plastic turban*) for a paltry \$1.50, plus tax.

**A**NOTHER facet of hair beauty that needs thoughtful attention is the matter of color. This is particularly true in Summer when a glaring sun relentlessly spotlights streaks or unsuccessful encounters with a permanent dye. In either case the problem can be solved quite simply by giving your hair a rinse with one or two capsules of Noreen Super Color Rinse. Since there is a range of 14 different natural-looking shades from which to choose, it's no trick at all to find one capable of "doing things" for any head of hair. Streaks are easily blended in with a rinse (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)





Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson and member of supporting cast in "The Golden Blade." Piper's romantic problems differ little from other bachelor girls.

## PROBLEMS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles attended the same class at John Burrows Junior High School. Several times he'd asked her for a date before the shy Piper had accepted.

He started out like a perfect little gentleman. Brought her a corsage. Helped Piper into her coat. Opened the door. And at the movies, supplied a liberal amount of popcorn and candy.

But once inside the darkened theatre, he quickly grew horns. He started by putting his arm around Piper. She was too timid to complain. He grew a little bolder and tried to draw her closer. Somehow she managed to wiggle out of his embrace. But when he leaned over to kiss her, she wanted to go home. "I'm too young," she insisted. "Honest, I am . . ."

At twelve, an amorous romeo may be "cute." At twenty-five, he can be annoying, embarrassing and repulsive—as Piper found out again only a short time ago.

Following a big Hollywood premiere, Piper attended an official party. Her date, a doctor, was called away on an emergency. She was stranded without transportation home.

An enterprising young guest, whom Piper had known only casually before, quickly took advantage of the situation by offering to drive her home. She accepted. On the way back, she had to wrestle harder than Gorgeous George on television.

To Piper, however, there is a difference between a date who'll see how far he can go with every girl, and a fellow who may take too much for granted, but is still a gentleman. This happened to Piper not long ago when her date, after unsuccessfully trying to kiss her, apologized, red as a beet. She knew he was em-

barrassed and felt kind of sorry for him.

She didn't hear from him again till after her next picture was released. Then she received a pleasant, but formal, note of congratulations. Quite by accident they met at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor the day after, and their friendship sprang up anew—with no more cat-and-mouse games. They've been good friends ever since.

Piper is indifferent to the financial background of her prospective suitors. But she does feel more at ease with someone connected with the film business. Naturally, she can relax more easily discussing motion pictures than the social aspects of TVA, nuclear fission, or the productivity of Rhode Island Red chickens.

Before meeting someone, Piper prefers to familiarize herself with the background of her prospective date or dinner partner. When she doesn't, she is liable to get into an embarrassing position, like at the dinner party a couple of months ago.

Next to her sat a tall, grey-haired, distinguished looking man who talked rather vaguely of the industry with which he was connected. Innocently, Piper asked what sort of work he did. He turned out to be the president of one of the biggest steel corporations in the United States!

Piper still worries whether or not people like her. It's an aftermath of her school days, when she was considered one of the homeliest girls on campus.

Today it is hard to believe that she was once described as a "square box with a carrot red top."

Those were the days of freckles and pigtails, when no one would ask her to dance, when she learned that a wallflower wasn't something decorative, when jibes

could be more vicious than a mad dog.

Then, as well as today, clothes presented a very special problem, and often a heartache.

She'll never forget the week preceding her first Junior High School Prom when she was the only girl in her class who didn't have a long dress.

Most of her wardrobe consisted of hand-me-downs from her older sister. A new dress, particularly a formal, was out of the question for financial reasons.

The day before the dance, Piper went shopping with one of her girl friends who purchased a lovely new gown at the May Company. While waiting for her, Piper noticed a chartreuse dress—a \$25 dream.

The salesgirl offered a solution. "If you don't have the money with you, we'll send it COD."

Piper didn't dare. In those days, \$25 bought half a month's supply of groceries!

Nevertheless, that night she described the dress to her mother—because Piper knew that without an evening dress she couldn't even attend the Prom.

Her mother's philosophical reply, "If you're supposed to be at the dance, you'll be there . . ." didn't help her daughter. That night, Piper cried for hours and filled pages and pages of woeful sorrow into her diary.

The next morning Piper's mother found a \$5 formal—not as pretty as the one Piper had seen, but adequate.

Today, Piper can buy \$25 or \$250 dresses, but the clothes problem is as much on her mind as it was ten years ago.

Although Piper has just come of age, and now has access to the money the court made her save during the past three years, she is unwilling to go overboard in her expenditures. Instead, she lives on a very strict budget.

Piper gets most of her clothes from a local department store, and consequently more than once has attended parties where she was dressed like one, and sometimes two other girls.

To a Hollywood actress, a mink coat is as important as a pair of overalls to a mechanic. (Aside from that, Piper is feminine enough to crave one anyway.) If she wants to stay within her budget, however, she can afford it no more than her mother could afford to give her a \$25 dress ten years ago.

Clothes, dates, avoiding gossip—these are but a part of Piper's most important problem: namely, finding the right man to marry. She doesn't want to make a mistake. Hollywood's divorce rate, although lower than that of the nation as a whole, is more publicized, more pronounced, and more scaring to someone like Piper to whom marriage is an institution and not a pastime. At least, if she doesn't find the right man, she has a well established career. Should that fail, she can always find a job as a typist, for early in life Piper decided to be able to depend upon herself—no matter what might happen.

So you see, basically, Piper's problems differ little from those of bachelor girls in all the big and little towns across the nation.

END



# ROSEMARY'S FANTASTIC ROMANCE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

unusual interest, wondering not only what makes it tick, but what the future will bring. When success story meets success story, and a merger of both is planned, a lot of things can happen. Especially when the fields of endeavor and achievement are as widely separated as those of Mr. Ferrer and Miss Clooney.

Each in his own sphere has achieved the zenith, with plenty more to come. They can well be proud of the niche they have carved for themselves in their respective spheres. But what of the final mixture—can the rich and alien ingredients made up of strictly individual personal characteristics be whipped into a palatable and lasting recipe for happiness?

That is the pungent question that show business—from Broadway to Vine Street, Hollywood—is asking. The answers could be very interesting. Currently, it is said that Jose Ferrer only awaits his divorce decree from actress-dancer Phyllis Hill to become final before he pops the big question.

As for Rosemary, she says, "I love Jose, but I don't want anyone to be hurt."

Perennial authority on such matters, Hollywood columnist Louella O. Parsons reveals, "When he is finally in a position to ask her, I'm sure that Rosemary will say yes."

Be that as it may, the question that most everyone is asking is, how well are they suited to one another? And if they do get married, will it last? Or will the marriage be a repetition of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra rigamarole where their divergence of interests creates one spat, one misunderstanding, one clash after another?

Let's take a good, inside look at both personalities, and let the comparisons fall where they will. Jose is 41, Rosemary is 25. Can the 16 years difference in ages make a trouble spot? While they may not feel it now, how will it be ten years from now? The answer to that one is that many successful show business marriages have prospered despite a wide discrepancy of ages.

Career-wise, Jose Ferrer is a perfectionist, determined to excel in everything. Rosemary Clooney has a calmer approach to her career—and against Jose's fluent knowledge of music—admits she can't read a note. "I can tell whether the tune goes up or down, but I can't tell how far!"

Jose Ferrer will work for months at a role he intends playing, at the rate of some 16 hours a day—rehearsing, researching, perfecting, fashioning not only his voice but his body for the role. When he played in "Charley's Aunt," one of the most arduous of stage parts, he went into training as if he were about to meet Rocky Marciano.

Innocent of all musical training, Rosemary will tackle a song without even trying to read the notes beforehand—she gets the hang of the tune more by intuition than anything else. When some-

one suggests that she should warm up before a recording (*something that all great and established artists do*), she sighs, "What have I got to warm up?"

Question: When they get married, will Jose attempt to instill in Rosemary some of the seriousness with which he tackles anything he attempts? The gruelling hard work, the long hours of study, the tortuous rehearsals to make the final, small touch as near perfect as it can be. Will he, in other words, attempt to change Rosemary's simple and fresh delivery for a more polished, dramatic product that might spoil all its charm?

Or will Rosemary open Jose's eyes to the fact that it's a short and beautiful world, and that too much work and no play is not good for any man? Not that Rosemary plays at her work, but she takes her career in her stride—effortlessly, easily, dusting away the problems as she would a speck of cigarette ash on a Ceil Chapman gown.

Jose lives like a tautly wound-up motor. Rosemary runs through life with an innocent breeziness, the like of which has not been seen in show business in a long while. And both have got to the top, and are likely to stay there. Will these opposite methods continue in the final welding of the two talents? Will the motor run slower, and will the breeziness become a whisper rather than a purr of easy ebullience?

A master of good diction, doing rich justice to everyone from Shakespeare to Maxwell Anderson, Jose Ferrer will have to listen to many of Rosemary's records. "What will he think," asks a well known New York voice teacher, "about Rosemary's delivery of song? She has a malocclusion of the jaw, which gives her voice an occasional lisp. If you listen carefully, words like 'kiss' and 'caress' come out as 'kish' and 'caresh'." This might be part of her charm.

Chances are that Jose Ferrer will listen very carefully. But love plays many tricks, overlooks many faults. It is doubtful, fine actor and great director that he is, that Jose Ferrer will attempt to correct the faults that have, so far, not hampered the career of the possible future Mrs. Ferrer one bit.

As for Rosemary telling Jose how to act, Broadway or Hollywood has no fears about that. No one can tell Mr. Ferrer how to act. He has got that down to a fine art. While Jose can teach Rosemary a lot of things, it is doubtful that Rosemary can give Jose anything but love. And that, of course, may be enough.

As regards Broadway and appearing on the stage proper, Rosemary has been a failure and Jose has no use for failures. Her failure has been that she doesn't have a "stage" voice, but is a microphone hugger, and her flair for acting is merely passable. What she lacks in both departments, she makes up in personality, as anyone will quickly admit who sees her in Paramount's "The Stars Are Singing."

Broadway sighs at what may happen if Mr. Ferrer attempts to mould, after his own ideas of an acceptable pattern, a new Rosemary Clooney. Broadway remembers all too well the fine acting partnership of Jose Ferrer and Uta Hagen, and how the marriage finally broke up after a few blissful years, when Jose had to have things go his way—career-wise.

There is no question in anyone's mind that Rosemary would like to get married, and as soon as possible. After all, she is already 25, which is just five years from 30. But whether Jose Ferrer is the right man for her leaves a lot of people furiously conjecturing. When two people fall in love and get married, background counts for a lot.

Born in Santurce, Puerto Rico, January 8, 1912, Jose Vicente Ferrer Otero y Cintron was brought to the United States at the age of 6, and no child could look forward to a better education. Son of a brilliant attorney with vast holdings,



Rosemary Clooney autographs a recent record for one of her devoted fans, Liberace—himself, a popular recording star. She admits she can't read a note.



he started at a Swiss boarding school and ended at Princeton.

Maysville, Kentucky, saw Rosemary Clooney come into the world on May 23, 1928. One of three children, she was old enough to be heartbroken at the separation of her parents. She found that full schooling would have to be sacrificed for a possible career as an entertainer. The daughter of a house painter, her early years were spent in a singing act with sister Betty, playing dance halls, Italian socials, college proms, and barn dances in tobacco warehouses until 2 a.m.

As a Princeton man, Jose Ferrer towers above Rosemary Clooney, if not in stature, at least intellectually. He is five feet 11 inches, but doesn't look it because, "I always stand crooked, never straight. I have short legs, and a big head." Rosemary, at 5 feet 4 inches, is considered long legged, and willow-like. The illusion is interesting, but there is no question that they look good together.

BUT—and the but is a big one—what the turbine motors of an ocean liner are in energy to the outboard motor of a small fishing boat, so is Jose Ferrer to Rosemary Clooney. The list of things with which he occupies himself is staggering. He dances, fences, paints, sings, plays tennis, cooks, does caricatures, and speaks five languages.

At 104 pounds, flashing blue eyes, and sporting a fair complexion, against Jose's 170 pounds, swarthy skin, and athletic build, Rosemary is not an outdoors girl. She takes an occasional plunge into a swimming pool, bats a tennis ball listlessly, and diets carefully. However, she collects phonograph records as a hobby.

Their mutual love of music will bring them close. Once an exponent of hot jazz, Jose limits himself to Haydn, Mozart, and Bach. He sings rather less well than George Sanders, which is to say, he shouldn't sing at all. But in various shows, on Broadway and elsewhere, his talents in that direction have passed muster.

While in the past he played piano duets with Uta Hagen, his first wife, Broadway—especially Tin Pan Alley—sees him teaming up, privately, and it is to be hoped, not professionally, with Rosemary Clooney. All of which goes to prove, that while their professional endeavors may never clash, their private achievements may well be a helluva lot of fun.

That they have much in common is an accepted fact. Rosemary likes to eat, and Jose is a perfectionist even at that. She can dispose of a 7-course Italian dinner with gusto, and Jose loves to cook. He is a master at turning out the tops in spaghetti dinners, but because he wants to be a perfectionist at that, too, he also makes the bread!

Few women, and Rosemary Clooney should count her blessings, can love a man and tell her closest, most intimate friends, "What's more, *my* man can cook too!"

For most people, and all doubting minds notwithstanding, the alliance of Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney is an enviable one. Whatever else is in store for them, there's lots of fun ahead. It may easily work out—this fantastic romance of show business—and most everyone hopes that it will. **END**

the boy was always guilty of not dressing correctly for the occasion."

Incidentally, we recall one week when Lana attended a charity ball, a cocktail party, and hosted an afternoon of tennis. For the ball she was dressed to the teeth, careful thought had planned her bouffant gown and jeweled accessories . . . at the cocktail party she was in a navy afternoon dress, not over-done, but in simple and conservative style . . . and at the tennis party white shorts and blouse were her appropriate costume.

Like most women, Lana prefers that men follow simplicity in jewelry. There is something about a man with a flashy diamond ring or cuff links that is far less attractive than one free of jewelry or wearing a conservative gold ring or tie clasp.

"One bit of advice I would like to stress is—a man should never take a defeatist attitude. The shy type, and believe me he is much more in the majority than the wolf that is so publicized, often ruins his own chances by his pre-conceived ideas. He wants to date a girl, but he automatically thinks, 'What's the use? She'd turn me down anyway.'

"Now really, what kind of approach is that? A man should never assume he hasn't a chance with a girl unless he's told so directly by her.

"Another point, even closer to my heart, why do men often assume that just because a woman has a job she is a hopeless, dyed-in-the-wool careerist? Many girls have to work to earn a living, others use a career as a stop-gap until they settle down and marry. It is really a shame that every woman who works has to be labeled 'careerist.' That word may apply to some few females who actually do prefer business to home life, but they are in such a minority it's wrong to hang the title haphazardly on others.

"I love my work, but can honestly say nothing can replace the love of family and home. Often, people have the idea actresses are so wrapped up in their careers they never think of anything else. Believe me, I would love to have someone else earn my bread and butter for me. Other actresses feel the same way."

We could just hear someone criticize, "If this is true then why does Lana make so many pictures—why not leave more time for home?" Lana, to be sure, has had a particularly crowded movie schedule, and for a very good reason. She did one film after another during the past few months so she could save up her vacation for this European trip.

Lana's young daughter, Cheryl, will stay here in school until June, then Lana's mother will accompany the youngster to Paris, where the trio will start off on a vacation. It will be a wonderful European holiday for Cheryl, one that may be the highlight of her life, so far.

"Every woman would probably breathe a grateful sigh of relief," continued Lana about faults in men, "if men would realize that a girl doesn't want to marry every man she goes out with.

"There has been so much publicity on how to get a man, that males automatically seem to vision every woman is out to lasso him, unwilling victim that he

## WHAT I'D LIKE TO TEACH MEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"The party is a ball' . . . etc., understand what I mean? Personally, I've never liked pet expressions. I think it perfectly fine for a man to brighten the conversation, but not incessantly with such worn-out idioms.

"Haven't you been on a date and heard the boy use similar expressions to such a degree you say to yourself, 'If he says that one more time, I'll go crazy!'"

We agreed overworking *pet phrases* was terribly annoying

"After awhile," Lana pointed out, "the girl doesn't listen to his conversation, she's too busy waiting for him to say, 'I've got news for you.' I like a man to talk in an easy, normal way and not try to be cute and wear a date out with the same phrases, over and over.

"Of course," she continued, tracing her finger over the fabric design on the chair, "if men practice just plain good manners, most of the little things women find objectionable would be solved. Good manners have never gone out of style, and a slight brush-up on some of the basic ones would improve many a male's standing.

"I was dining out with a group of friends the other night and noticed a girl

I know quite well being very attentive to her date. I smiled hello and went on talking with my friends. Next time I noticed, she was sitting alone while her escort greeted friend after friend and got into conversation with each one of them. The poor girl, strictly on her own, sat there 15 minutes, while her date visited about at other tables. Finally, I asked her if she would join our party. She told me how embarrassed and humiliated she was sitting there by herself, but what could she do? Goon Boy was enjoying himself. Rudeness like that is inexcusable.

"If a man invites a girl out, he should have enough good manners and interest to be considerate and never leave her in such an awkward position.

"Another complaint," continued Lana, "You can't blame a girl for being irritated if she is dressed in a new evening gown for a party and the boy shows up in sport clothes or minus a tie. I will admit, in the male's favor, that most of them have improved. I've observed in teen-age boys, especially, that the constant urge to be nonchalant and to wear the wrong thing, is going out of style. What girl wouldn't hedge about making a date if



may be, into marriage. This is so untrue.

"Also I'd like to caution males against another thing. The average man, if he does become interested in a girl, immediately becomes quite possessive. Yet, if she is possessive of him he screams out loud. He feels he's trapped and doesn't like it at all. Well, this possessiveness works both ways. Some men want a woman to do everything in the world to please them, while they do nothing in return. Yet how these men resent it when the girls demand the same rights for themselves.

"Now there is a fault, I must admit, of which women are equally as guilty as men. It's the annoying habit of forcing friendship. What is it with people like this? They hardly know you, and by pretending to be such close friends, they are making it a positive fact that they never will be. A person was brought to a party at my house and casually introduced to my friends. None of my friends, except the one who brought him, had ever met him before. Yet, it later came back to me from several sources that he had been name-dropping all over town telling about his dear, dear friends and what they said at dear Lana's party. At first, the whole thing was amusing. Then I couldn't help but feel irritated. Needless to say, he'll never be invited again to my house.

"Males should never heap compliments on a girl the minute they meet," Lana cautioned. "The 'you're so beautiful . . . you're the kind of girl I've been looking for all my life . . . we're so emotionally alike,' etc., etc. sort of approach is ridiculous. Any intelligent girl sees through it and knows it's an obvious line. For how in the world could anyone possibly know such things on so brief an acquaintance? After all, if you have just met how is it possible to know if you are emotionally alike or not? If such compliments roll on with ease, you can be sure he undoubtedly says the same sweet nothings to every girl he meets. This Goon Boy should be promptly listed as a person to avoid completely, but completely.

"Now," Lana smiled, "we girls like to be complimented by a man, but one sincere, simple sentence, honestly meant, is worth a bushel of the others.

"It is a mistake for a girl to change herself too much to please a man. Eventually, if she makes herself over, he'll suddenly exclaim, 'Where is the girl who first attracted me?'

"By changing, nine times out of ten, she loses the very thing that first attracted him."

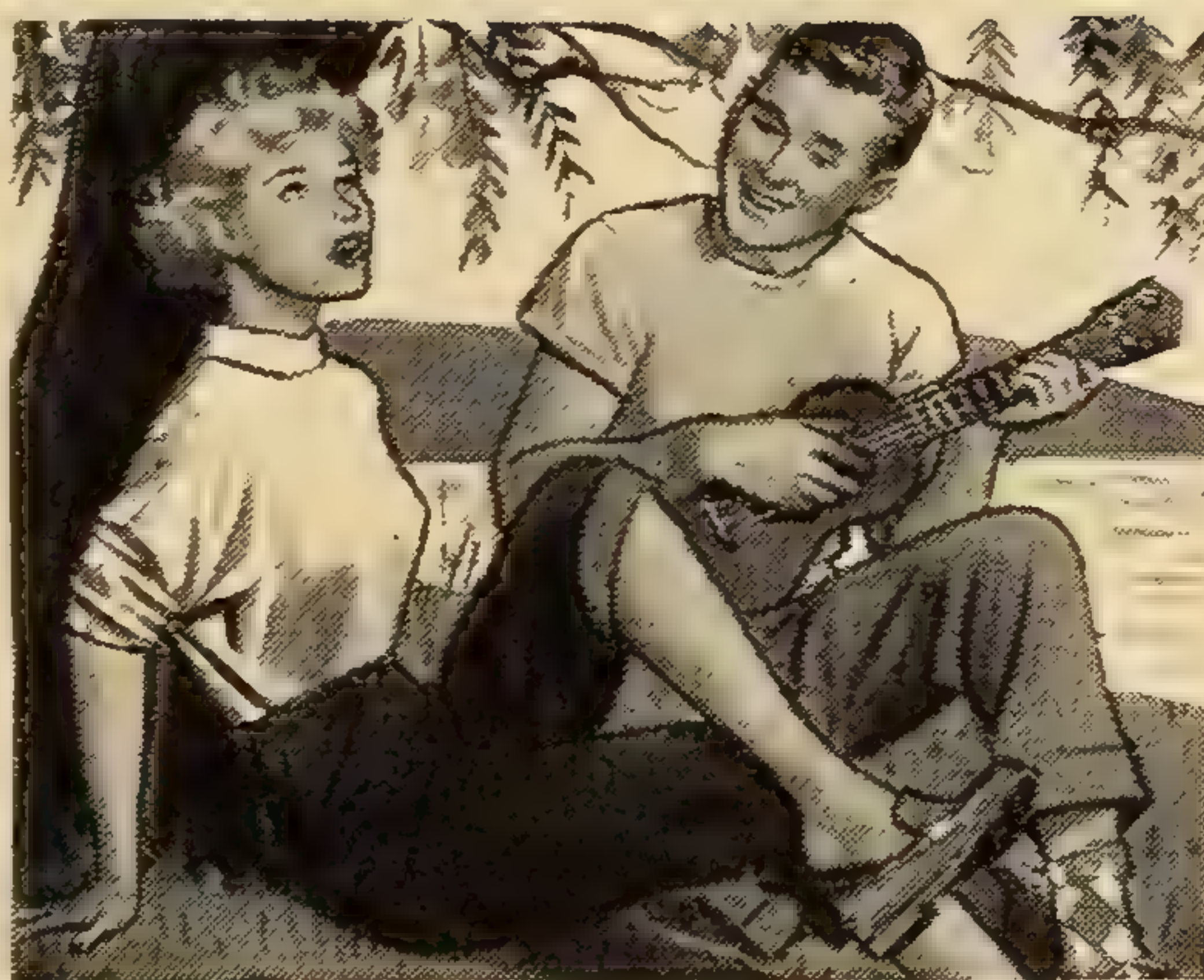
Lana, who made her first picture at MGM in 1937 at the age of 14, has changed remarkably little. From her second film to this day, she has worn her hair in the platinum shade that has become a trademark. She still loves to dance. Prefers to wear the same light pink shade of lipstick and favors blue and white in both screen and private wardrobes.

"There's one last thing I'd love to teach men: Tell them if they, themselves, would keep all the rules they want their young ladies to keep, it would be a happier world!"

END



## Are you in the know?



### Which can be a threat to poise?

- ☐ A callous heart ☐ A callused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at *problem* time, poise and Kotex go together. That *safety center* gives extra protection. And Kotex *holds its shape*; is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Have you tried new Delsey\* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex\* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

### When asked to dinner, should you be—

- ☐ Sure of the date ☐ "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said *this* Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean *next* Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain *other* "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!



### If he's just an acquaintance—

- ☐ Try siren tactics ☐ Pay your own fare

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lock-jaw! A chance meeting doesn't mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying *all 3*)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for *you*.



# WHY I RAN FROM FAME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

you're really serious. You're giving your career—what men call—some guts. You're a regular Rock of Gibraltar, but understanding, unwavering and with a heart. Before, you've always run away from Hollywood. Now—are you here to stay?"

"I hope so," he replied.

After seeing him in "The Star," with Bette Davis, then in Ross Hunter's "Take Me To Town" and now in "So Big," with Jane Wyman, at Warners, I put in a call for Mr. Hayden. He promptly replied and the next day there he was, sitting right in my living room.

His most outstanding assets are his complete honesty, his complete lack of guile or pretense and his way of looking straight into your eyes when he speaks.

"I am what I am and I make no excuses," reflects in his manner which is on the analytical side. Coupled with a delightful sense of humor, he is a fascinating and intelligent conversationalist.

"A lot of water has gone under the bridge," he admitted, "since the first time I talked to you. Then I was madly infatuated with Madeleine Carroll, had no idea what a motion picture career meant, knew I wasn't equipped to be a good actor, and cared less. I'd served no apprenticeship in this profession, didn't know my trade. I was rushed into a lead in my first picture, had only a slight idea what it was all about. All that mattered to me then was to make some money to buy a new schooner. And, of course, I was a gone-beaver the first time I saw Madeleine. I was in love and my one thought was to persuade her to marry me. There was a certain Frenchman she liked and I kept trying to talk her out of him. If I was any good in love scenes, it was because they were real. With her in my arms, I could forget cameras, technique and what have you. When she wouldn't marry me, Hollywood wasn't for me. So I left. And no matter what the studio said about throwing away my career, it didn't matter.

"That was in '41—after my first year in Hollywood. I had the feeling that Madeleine would never marry an actor. I was out of my element in the glamour business of being a movie hero. I went to sea to run away from it all. Actually, I was later to discover, I was *always* running away. Away from myself.

"I was skippering a trading schooner in the Caribbean. Again I was working at something I knew, but my mind was still on Madeleine. When I came into New York port—and heard that Madeleine was there—well, we were married. My infatuation for her and our marriage, I hoped, would be the anchor I needed to fasten me down to life, as everyone else lived it. But my illusion was not practical. My trips to sea, and her work, meant a couple of weeks, a month at the most together. There were four in New York, two in Washington, D.C., and again we met in Belgium. By then, our love had long passed that fever pitch and we both knew it. We had had

a lot of pleasure together, but it was over. I weathered out the residence in Reno, and she cross-filed for the divorce. During those six weeks, I learned to ski. I had to do something. I was consumed with a driving nervous energy, and yet, I couldn't channel it in a constructive way to make me content with my life. Always, I was moving, moving on to something new, seeking something intangible that I myself didn't understand nor recognize.

"When the War broke, I wanted to get into it, get at the bottom of it. As a civilian, without military restrictions and regulations, I sailed to England with a convoy. Then, I went to Glasgow to train with a Polish Commando outfit and arrived the night of Pearl Harbor. I was trained as a guerilla and later I trained them. I broke my leg in a jump, finally wound up in the Marines. Then I was stuck. My roving days were over. All of my life, I had jumped around and still wanted to jump around. On that thought, I had a lot of company, except the Marines had different ideas. It was the best thing that could ever have happened to me. I had to stick. I couldn't run away."

Sterling was commissioned a lieutenant. Everywhere he went, he was also known as Sterling Hayden, Hollywood movie star.

"I disliked the handle of actor preceding me everywhere I went. I had my name legally changed to John Hamilton, which is still my legal name."

The Hayden war record is as adventurous and dramatic as any Hollywood

thriller. Assigned to top secret O.S.S., he captained a boat running the German blockade of the Dalmatian Coast, parachuted into beleaguered Yugoslavia, worked getting supplies to Tito's anti-Fascist forces and accomplished regular cloak and dagger assignments into Cairo, the Big Three Conference and to the Shangri-La vastness of outer Mongolia. The highest decorations for an incredible war record were his. Today, Sterling dismisses it with, "Who's a hero? It's hard to say what's a terrific war record. Take a door and grenades coming in the window and anyone goes out the door. Does that make a hero?"

After the War, Sterling returned to Hollywood. Paramount was so proud, they not only upped his salary, but gave him a bonus of a new schooner. "I had everything I had ever wanted, a boat of my own, but there was still that old restlessness always fighting some unknown extremities within myself. The War had mixed me all up. I didn't know what I wanted. I had always run off to sea. When a man's a thousand miles or so out to sea, he is as far away as one can get. From there, there's no place further to go.

"I had left school when I was fifteen. My father died when I was nine and my mother and I lived in a dozen cities in the northeastern states. My stepfather and I didn't get along, and my whole childhood was unstable, confused and insecure, a feeling which grew up with me. There was old Captain Al McIntyre who taught me the tricks of sailing when I lived in Boothbay Harbor on the Maine seacoast. My life's ambition was to have my own boat to skipper. When I had realized that, I was ready to try something else. So I tried Hollywood. When



"I took a course in psychoanalysis to discover why I had been so filled with inhibitions; why I had always run from any success," says Sterling Hayden.



it was going well, I ran away. Today, I realize that it was all emotional immaturity. I was still a kid, and had not grown up to face life realistically.

"Betty De Noon was a Pasadena society girl and her willingness to live on a boat and share my life seemed the answer to my continuous search for a life like other people knew. But sitting on a boat that never went anywhere, every day, is neither fish nor fowl. There's no purpose, no objective. I quit Paramount again and, for a year, I sat and thought myself out. I had become an escapist, always ready to get away, get out of touch with the world. I had resigned my contract. What was my design for living? My purpose in life?

"During the War, I had been greatly shaken by the things I had seen. They called this humanity? I became interested when I was approached to help in creating a better world, working for a better world. The world should be concerned about doing more for other people. I had long wanted to channel my energies to worthwhile things, but I had never had a plan nor a way of going about it. That's where the Commies came in.

"Hollywood has a high percentage of emotionally unstable people. Acting makes them feel special if they are a success. For some, even that form of recognition isn't special enough. For people not easily adjusted to society and filled with a real inner loneliness, people who have not been able to ingratiate themselves and have homes, happy marriages and children, people who are filled with insecurity and who want to be needed, to feel important, the dinner parties where they are invited to speak their piece, to spout off about world affairs and making a better world, are an excellent foil to trap them. In due time, the intelligent ones wake up to what all of this propaganda means, and denounce it for what it stands for.

"So I had to run away from pictures, had been involved with the Commies, had absolved myself and now I am back in pictures. Now, I began to try to make

my life count. If pictures offered me an opportunity, I now wanted to make good. I had the basic intelligence to learn. I studied acting seriously. I took a course of treatments in psychoanalysis to discover why I had been so filled with inhibitions, why I had always run away from Hollywood, from pictures, from any success that I might attain. I found I was filled with inhibitions that tied me up in knots. I had never been able to let myself go—to give. I discovered there are no mysteries if you analyze them and their applications to yourself. It is a case of sweat, work and self-appliance."

Regarding his marriage and pending divorce from Betty, and their four small children—he frowned, "I'm not running away. It is just too complicated to discuss. This was not just an infatuation, but a real marriage with four little lives involved. To me, it is far too serious and personal ever to talk about publicly." That he adores his children—Christian, four; Dana, three; Gretchen, two and Matthew, four months—was easy to see. He sees them regularly.

"This cursed state of single blessedness is no good," he remarked. His family lives in their Beverly Hills home. Sterling has acquired an apartment in the Hollywood hills.

"I dislike it intensely, this living alone." With a shrug of his shoulder he concluded, "I am looking forward to putting together a small stock company to make pictures—perhaps for TV—with a marine angle. Not that I'm nostalgic for a boat. I've outgrown that. But simply the fact that I know the sea—and it is something I can do with some amount of knowledge and authority. I have no idea of sitting on a boat at Newport and seeing the smog go by."

As he left, I invited him to a party the following Sunday. He shook his head with a smile and I found myself like one of those Hollywood hostesses—coaxing.

"First things come first. They must," he replied, which revealed that the Hayden roles he plays on the screen, which have shot him to the top—are the real Hayden.

END

## MARRIAGE MUSTS FOR BOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

any wedding. I'd like to do as well as my father has. Which always reminds me of the distance I've got to travel! It strikes me it's up to a man to be qualified for all that marriage means before he proposes, and now I'm certainly not. I don't want to fool any girl I date, or myself, on this score.

"Take only one of the elementary necessities—money! Today I don't have enough even to speculate about marriage. It takes time to have any money left from what you can earn as an actor."

Bob financed his first, trial year of tackling the movies by borrowing from his father. He repaid that loan with a glow of achievement, since it was his choice when his dad could have set him up safely in the steel business. Like all

newly famous faces, he is by no means in the large salary class. He lives on a strict budget administered by a business manager, so he can begin to save and invest. "I appreciate a luxury, but I'm not going into debt to put on a phony front in Hollywood. I'm not jumping with joy about it, but I accept the fact that it'll take me years to make enough to buy a house and the comforts and security I want to give a wife," he says.

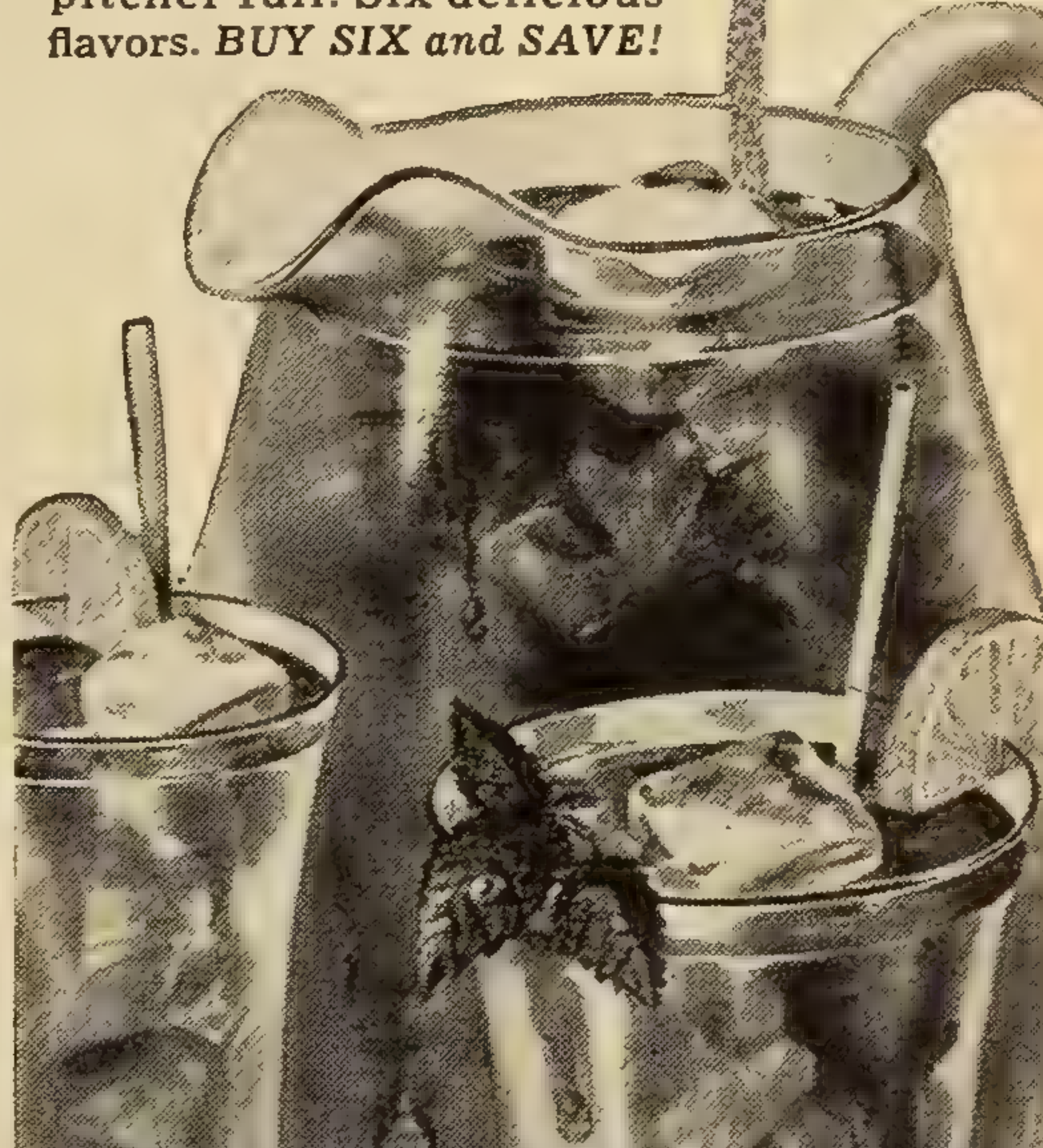
"I'm sure of the work I want to excel in. I never had any doubt about wanting to get into acting, and what I've seen in Hollywood only backs up my theory that this is the place where I can be happy. I know it'll never be a snap here. There will always be tough competition. But I couldn't take a guaranteed routine. I'm

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Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds at recent Hollywood premiere. "I don't believe I'll be ready, emotionally, for marriage until I'm about 30," declares Bob.

bursting with vigor. He'll stay up late discussing everything friends can crowd into fascinating talk, which makes him most welcome at a party. He has a passion for learning, so he listens eagerly instead of being a show-off. The sun attracts him as well, and if you swim, water ski, ride, play golf or tennis, or hunt or fish you'll see his outdoor side.

But with all his contagious aliveness it is plain he can tell the difference between enjoying spontaneous fun and self-indulgence. He's all for the former, and is having none of the latter, thanks to his good judgment. Bob's basic earnestness is evident in all his moves. He is very serious about making one's own particular dreams come true. Anybody who selects sterling goals and goes after them is all right in Bob's book.

I credit his complete seriousness about worthwhile ambitions to his background. His father is a self-made success, and yet never has been the least forgetful of his family in the process. Bob and his dad are devoted friends. His mother has lived up to the high ideals she believes in without losing the understanding and light touch that make her charming. Bob's deep regard for strong character and kindness isn't all he's been blessed with, however. He's inherited an exceedingly realistic viewpoint. That's why his thinking about what he eventually hopes to experience in marriage is as mature as is his clear concept of his present career challenges.

He grew up in Detroit and Los Angeles, but being a city lad didn't doom him, when he was offered his first starring part if he could be convincing in a Western. He practiced driving a six-horse stagecoach until he could careen it thunderingly in one of his cowboy stunts. I think it noteworthy that he resisted any temptation to be cute. The script declared he was earnest and he seldom even smiled.

Bob didn't stop on his path into the movies to go to college, either. Yet he plays a Purdue University tennis champion in "Titanic" as though he'd stepped right off the campus.

The variety he relishes continues in his next picture. "Twelve Mile Reef" centers around Bob in the role of a Greek American sponge diver. It's been filmed entirely on location in Florida, with the divers Bob's patterned after watching critically on the sidelines. He not only mastered the art of wearing a diving suit nonchalantly while walking the bottom of the ocean, but he let the studio dye his hair coal black so he'd look as though he had Greek ancestry.

"Filming it in CinemaScope has been such a marvelous adventure," he explains. "The wide screen with the 3-D effect will pull you right into the action! It's fantastic to be in on the birth of the new movies. I think an actor should know every angle of the business. At least, that's my excuse for being as awed as I am with everything important for a film production. You know, close-ups are no longer necessary! Sets have to be built in a new way to fit the new manner of photographing. But the same cameras can be used by adding a small device. There'll be no distortion

excited by change, and having to stretch my imagination takes care of my curiosity. I've found that show people can be as wonderful as I thought. They have so much heart and humor with their colorfulness.

"I'm not deceived by star billing," Bob says. "It's a thrill! But how many real STARS are there? Someday I want to be among the few who are up in that rare group. You are positive they will furnish first-rate entertainment because they always have. Aside from ability and technique and the cooperation they give and the fine luck they get, it also takes time. I'm not going to wait until I'm that old to marry," he adds with a grin. "But I want to build towards such a reputation. I'm glad I must somehow be better in each role or else. Nudging an audience with more than it bargained for seems a logical ladder to climb."

A date can see that Bob isn't out merely to capture enough immediate cash to thumb his nose at the demands of a career. Nor does he presume that developing a trademark personality is all he has to do. A date gathers he's anxious to act—on the screen, not off it.

It is a pleasure to find there is nothing silly in Bob's attitude. He gives you a jolt because it is soon evident that he is as bright as he is handsome. Perhaps you think he'd be content to get by on his appearance and winning per-

sonality. That guess couldn't be more wrong. He isn't the type of fellow to be satisfied with coasting, and he's smart enough to realize that the easiest way is not for him. He is one of today's fastest rising favorites because he makes his big decisions with a steadfastness of purpose, and then isn't half-hearted in his efforts.

At twenty-three he has already accomplished a rare feat. He has earned the respect of Hollywood's solid citizens. They know he receives star billing for the third time in "Titanic" because he's proved a draw at box-offices. That he is not overshadowed when cast with highly polished performers like Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb impresses the most discerning casting executives, too. Altogether, his future as an all-around leader among the new stars is shrewdly predicted by the insiders.

When you meet Bob you can't help responding to the unaffected friendliness in his wide, warm smile. There is nothing standoffish about him. He's never too busy to toss a merry greeting to a passing pal, and he is complimented when he's affectionately kidded in return. His instinct to be with people, rather than to be alone, obviously can carry over into the love he'll be able to feel as a husband.

You have no trouble noting his swift enthusiasm for any strain of hot jazz. Bob likes to sing and dance, since he's



in the theatres with the new screens that'll be two-and-a-half times the old size. You can sit in the front row or at the sides and be *in* the story with the players! The sound comes from the exact spot it should, too, another startling switch."

When Bob was a freshman in high school he was mentally old enough to chum with the seniors and this tendency persists. He's still intrigued by the experience and ease of older people. That is why a date of Bob's is liable to accompany him to Dan Dailey's, or to the home of Dick and Mary Sale.

On his last birthday Bob expected to drive a hundred miles for dinner with his parents in their new house near San Diego. Then Lita Baron Calhoun phoned. She and Rory wanted him to drop by that night. Bob telephoned his folks that he could still be counted on, but they insisted he stay in town since the Calhouns had asked him over. When he strolled in there the lights all suddenly blazed and happy birthday cries rang out from all his other pals who wanted to celebrate with him. Among those who conspired to be present were Dan Dailey, the Sales, Clifton Webb, the Dale Robertsons, the Jeffrey Hunters, the Andy Russells, and Debbie Reynolds. It is a

fact that Bob and Debbie are no longer dating, but they're remaining mighty good friends.

"I don't believe I'll be ready, emotionally, for marriage until I'm about thirty," Bob estimates. "I want to see much more of the world, and know myself as I actually am. Then I can be fair to the girl who'll say yes. I'm nowhere near ready to settle down now. My notions about the girl for me probably will change half-a-dozen times in the next few years, and I think this ought to occur before I marry, not afterwards. I imagine a California farmhouse type of home out in the San Fernando Valley, where we could keep horses, might be an ideal house. But that's way off in vague space yet!"

Meanwhile, he's living in his first bachelor apartment in Westwood. Its fireplace is the center of his hospitality. The place is large enough for his parents to visit him for four or five days when they want to come into the city. He won't have it photographed because he feels publicity wouldn't be considerate of their privacy.

When wedding bells do ring for Robert Wagner and the bride he chooses, don't you predict mutual happiness ahead?

END

as cooking utensils, stove, refrigerator, etc.

Anyone who has looked at the glamour pictures of Rita in the magazines would be in for a surprise to see her searching for bargains in the daily paper, on sales, or in quaint little bazaars in far off places.

Rita can be quite bargain minded. More than one morning I've rushed into her room, a newspaper ad in my hand. "I just saw the most marvelous furniture sale advertised . . ."

"On the back page of the second section," Rita would cut in. "Not bad . . ."

We had both thumbed through the paper and found the identical item. But more often than not, "bargains" turn into booby traps—with spindly-legged, outdated furniture, or else used as a means of luring you into the place for "Bigger and better buys." Rita knows a bargain when she sees it. She also knows when a bargain isn't a bargain.

Likewise, Rita has a weakness for auctions. When she doesn't work, we often go to the Beverly Hills shops to look for home furnishings.

She's good at bidding, so good that once when we stopped at a quaint little bazaar in Spain, Rita bought a pottery jar for a third of the asking price.

When she is in a picture, as she is now in "Miss Sadie Thompson" at Columbia, I get up at five to be at her house by six, and at the studio by seven.

Often I join her for breakfast before we leave her house. Rita's appetite—when working—has never ceased to amaze me. Unlike many women in careers, Rita eats breakfast when she is working. The reason is that she finds she must have a vast supply of energy to get through her working day which begins somewhere around 6 a.m. and ends, more often than not, 12 to 14 hours later. Breakfast, hot and hearty, and a substantial lunch are necessary, particularly when she is dancing several hours during the day. Dinner for this working woman is frequently served to her on a tray after she goes up to her room to bed.

## I WORK FOR RITA!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

own. Whether it is a letter that has to be answered or a party to be arranged, she won't interfere or criticize, unless she has a very good reason. There's never any haggling, indecision, uncertainty.

During the two years I've been working for—I should say with—Rita, I've been amazed by the strange contrasts that make up Rita: Glamour and simplicity. Public life and longing for complete privacy. Depressive moods and a down-to-earth sense of humor. A fiery personality and an ability to control her temper, no matter what happens.

Rita has been in public life a long time and prominently. Yet I've never met anyone who yearns so much for privacy.

When Rita is working, her social life is almost non-existent. But even between pictures, she prefers to stay home and play with Rebecca, who's eight now, and Yasmine, who'll soon be three, read, or listen to her vast record collection.

She doesn't like to go to parties or other official functions, for once she steps out of her house, every move, every word of conversation is promptly reported and repeated.

When she goes to a restaurant, Rita picks out the least conspicuous table, will never call noisily for the waiter or demand any special attention. Moreover, she picks quiet, out of the way places, not only because she likes privacy, but also because she prefers plain American food to fancy foreign dishes.

I believe that during the time I've known Rita, more has been written about her than about any other actress in Hollywood. If she (or I) had kept track of all

the columns and articles, we could easily fill the den of the new house. Yet Rita neither reads a gossip item, nor keeps a scrapbook. She secludes herself completely from any news that may hurt her—or the girls.

Until a short time ago, Rita lived in a rented fourteen room, furnished house in Beverly Hills. When she bought her new home, she had to furnish it from scratch—starting with the essentials, such



"Rita's been in public life a long time, yet I've never met anyone who yearns so much for privacy. When working, her social life is almost non-existent."



# YOU CAN'T KEEP OUT OF SCANDAL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

When she's not in a picture—and not burning up so much energy—she usually settles for two small meals—brunch and early dinner.

Once she arrives at the studio, Rita turns into another person. Her casual air is gone, she is concentrated, conscientious and intense on the job.

I've watched her getting ready—in hairdressing, in makeup, in the wardrobe department. I've noted her tenseness as she goes over her lines, works out the last details of a dance number and then, as the camera begins turning, she is completely relaxed.

Rita is very popular at the studio because she takes direction without arguing, is sincere, and doesn't throw her weight around. She is conscientious about her work to the point of getting into trouble with the law.

Early one morning, during the filming of "Salome" and just before she bought her new Ford, we were driving to Columbia Studios in the old sedan, vintage of 1939, belonging to Rita's handyman. In danger of being late, and not wanting to hold up production, Rita broke the speed limit on Sunset Boulevard till the sound of a police siren forced us to a halt.

A tall, brusque-looking officer with that dreadful little book in his hand jumped out of his car, walked over to us, and put his foot on our running-board. "Do you know how fast you were going, lady?" he barked.

Rita, uncomfortable, said, "No, I'm sorry. You see, I'm late for an early call." She sounded resigned to her fate. "I guess I deserve a ticket . . ."

Surprised, the cop looked up—and recognized her. "You're Rita Hayworth!" He continued to stand, the little book in his hand.

"Well," Rita said, after the silence became acute, "come on, the ticket, please. You finish your work so I can go start mine."

Muttering that he hated to do it, he wrote the ticket. Then Rita, because she's like that, took the slip of paper and said, "Ever been on a studio lot?" He hadn't. That morning he was the guest of Miss Hayworth at the open air coffee stand at Columbia. I'm sure he never tasted the two doughnuts he ate.

Rita's knack for getting along with people is part of her success. At work, she insists on the same crew for each picture. They, in turn, work twice as hard to make Rita come off best. At home, the nurse, cook and housekeeper wouldn't change jobs for twice the money—I think.

Although she is one of Hollywood's top stars, Rita isn't afraid to work with her hands—whether sweeping a floor at home, unpacking baggage because I got sick on a train, or (*unsuccessfully*) trying to change a tire when the situation calls for it.

Many people envy Rita. Others feel sorry for her.

I do neither. Because today she is a beautiful woman with two lovely, healthy children, has a thriving career and the admiration of many thousands of fans. What more could she ask? END

barking dogs.

Glenn's recent "marital difficulties" are typical of the magnified importance given an ordinary every-day household tiff.

It started at a garden party at Glenn and Ellie's house. Among the ten or twelve people invited was a writer, whom Glenn had mistakenly considered a friend.

During the course of the afternoon, the conversation turned to television. Before long, Glenn and Ellie were arguing whether their son Peter was or was not seeing too much of it—the same kind of dispute that is a daily occurrence in seven out of eight homes where both kids and television are found. By the time the guests departed, Glenn and Ellie had forgotten their differences. The writer "friend" had not.

He called up one of the leading columnists who, anxious for a scoop, printed the story of the "battle and separation" the next day. From there it built up horribly till Hollywood was whispering, "isn't it too bad about Glenn and Ellie. This time they'll never get together again."

Later, the columnist found out the truth and wrote Glenn a letter of apology. But the news had actually spread and been embellished all over the United States. Reports soon had Ellie about to sue for divorce—Glenn was involved with co-stars, night club entertainers, society girls in almost every capital in Europe—he was said to have moved to at least twelve different addresses at the same time!

This sort of piercing publicity isn't new to Glenn. Almost from the very beginning of his career, his name had been news. Before he met Ellie, he was romantically linked with just about every actress from Marie Dressler to Marga-

ret O'Brien. Even the day after he got married, one columnist wrote an open warning to Ellie about having married a serviceman.

Ever after, periodically rumors about their impending separation appeared in print. One Eastern columnist has stated for the past three years, always in her August 26 column, that the Fords would separate. "If there is no other news, she probably digs out last year's files and uses the same stuff over again," Glenn commented. "And as long as I am in pictures, no doubt she'll keep on using Ellie and me for quips!"

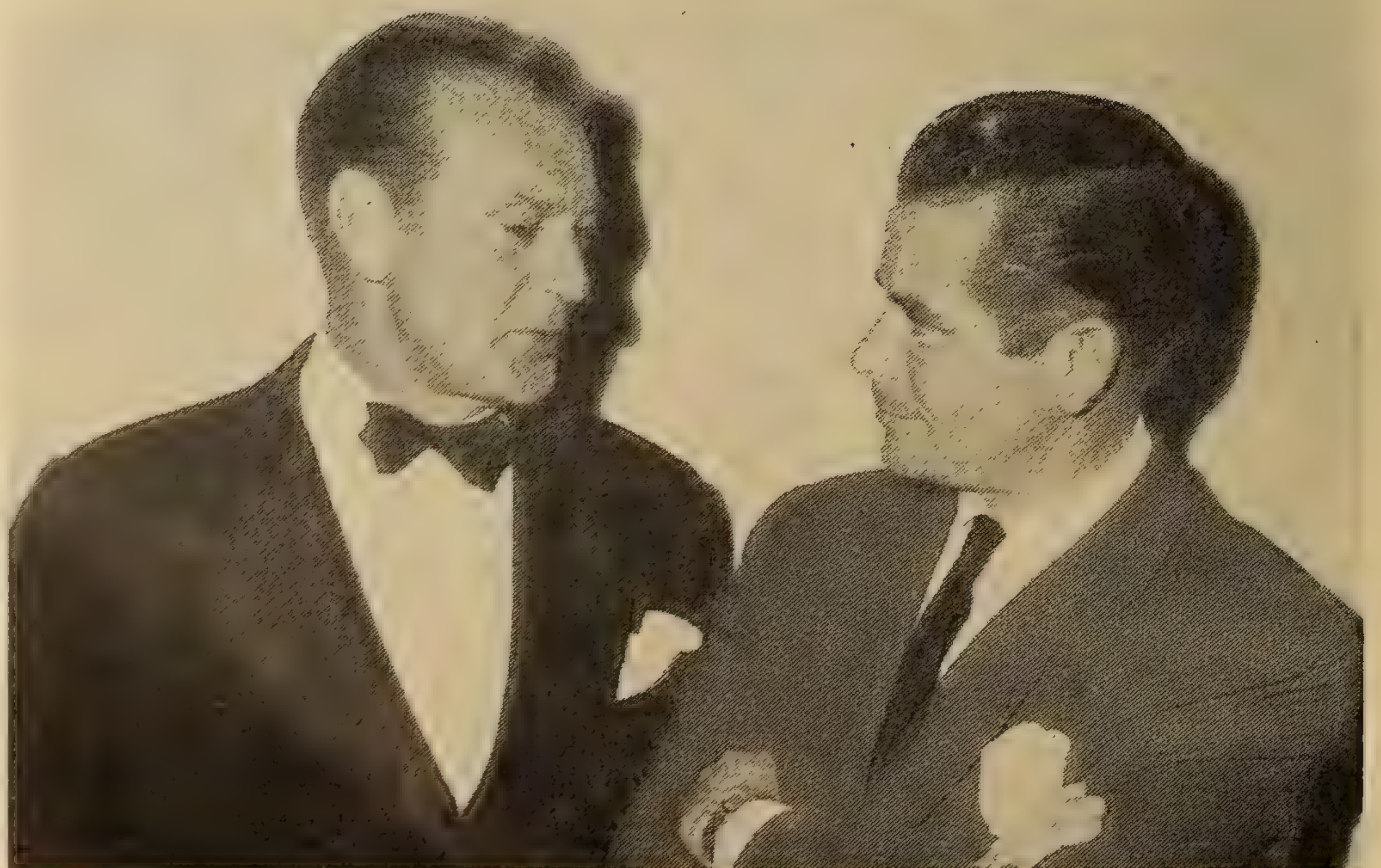
The better known you are, Glenn found out, the more apt you are to get involved in scandals. "It's part of the acting business, just as it is in politics, I guess. Sometimes I'm really fascinated by what I'm supposed to have done . . ."

Glenn confessed that, if instead of the fictitious, sensational stories that are being published about him, the truth would some day come out, he might be much worse off. "Do you know that the average man who lives a perfectly normal life becomes involved in enough crimes during his lifetime to be put in the penitentiary for at least three years?"

Of course, the crimes he referred to are traffic violations, making out income tax returns too liberally, burning trash after ten a.m., walking your dog without a leash and the like.

How does a rumor usually start? In most cases—like the television quarrel about Peter—there is some incident that can be turned and twisted into news. For instance, the rumors about Glenn and Rita Hayworth.

One evening, when they were out at the Columbia Ranch, shooting "Affair In Trinidad," the director anticipated working late and decided to break for dinner before continuing to work on a scene.



Gary Cooper and Glenn Ford at Chapultepec Theatre in Mexico City for premiere. Friends for years, both know the sting of unfounded rumors.



Co-stars Glenn and Rita drove to a nearby dimly-lit Italian restaurant for a bite to eat. Quickly rumors started. They were meeting secretly in hideaway roadhouses! Since neither Rita nor Glenn bothered to deny them, within two days they were magnified to scandalous proportions.

Or Glenn's trips abroad, which gave more than one opportunity for wagging tongues.

Because Ellie felt it was her obligation to stay home and look after Peter, Glenn made the last three trips to Europe without her. On these journeys there are, of course, numerous opportunities to meet and be seen with beautiful women—particularly when you are a handsome movie star and everyone wants to "show you off" or "fix you up." The Captain's table on board ship is a perfect setting.

On each crossing, customarily on the last night, a big party is given for all passengers. Usually, the "celebrities" are invited to the Captain's table. Single men, and men traveling by themselves, are teamed with unattached ladies, which, in Glenn's case, resulted in some sensational stories by the time word about it came back to Hollywood.

Once, in London, Glenn attended a party which lasted till two a.m. When he left, the hostess asked if he'd mind taking home one of the unescorted young ladies. Always a gentleman, Glenn accepted. The resulting headline the following day about "Glenn's New Romance" embarrassed the young woman a great deal more than Glenn, who had grown used to this type of insinuation.

What about the incident at the Vienna Opera House? Glenn and Moe Sakin had gone to see "Boccaccio." Next to them sat three extremely attractive Austrian girls. A candid picture snapped by an enterprising photographer was used all over the world. "I didn't know I could be that popular," Glenn laughed when he saw himself with three girls. "Just wait till Ellie gets hold of this!"

Ellie did—long before it appeared in the press. And from a most reliable

source: husband Glenn Ford himself!

In his daily letters or phone calls, Glenn always describes every detail of the day. Luckily, Ellie isn't disturbed by the constant break-up rumors about Glenn and herself. In show business since childhood, she too, has learned about gossip the hard way. Now she doesn't even bother to read it anymore.

On the other hand, when Glenn started in his career, he didn't take rumors and scandals lightly. The first time he was accused of something he hadn't done, he stormed into the office of the columnist who'd started the rumor, and demanded a retraction—which he finally got. As his reputation grew and Glenn got more and more into the limelight, rumors became almost a daily occurrence. Not only did he waste much time telephoning and seeing reporters, but he also learned that, in many instances, a denial proved the strongest confirmation.

His second approach—to confirm everything, no matter how ridiculous—didn't fare much better.

Once when called to confirm a quarrel with Ellie he said, kiddingly, "Sure, it's true. I chased her with a meat cleaver. The blood's all over the house. Want to come out and see the mess?"

"What time?"

"!!!"

That system discontinued, Glenn resorted to the only tactics he knew he could best keep up. No comment at all! "Did you and Ellie have a fight?" He'll smile at you. "What about that blonde in Paris?" A shrug of the shoulders. That's all.

Rumors don't upset Glenn anymore. To stop them, he will not change his way of life and become a hermit. His family and friends—real friends—know what he's like, and that's what matters most.

"There'll be many more disturbing stories about me in the future," Glenn said as I left. "And you can be sure that I'll neither confirm nor deny them. You see, I'm not complaining. In Hollywood, no matter how righteous a life you live you simply can't keep out of scandal, because you're forever being maliciously misconstrued."

END

## I'D RATHER KISS A MARRIED MAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

hands and gasps. "Look," I said, "you're supposed to be making love to me. If you don't love me, please at least pretend that you like me."

He couldn't get that.

Passion on the screen is a strange animal. It can cavort, snarl, and paw—but how many times is it real? One of the most effective love scenes I have ever participated in on the screen was with a man who played a heavy. He made the young hero look sick. When he glanced at you over candlelight, your heart danced. I didn't know him too well, but in between scenes I found that he had been married three times.

"Oooh," I said, "such experience."

"Not as an actor," he grinned. "I've

been playing husbands all my real life, and now here I am—a man at large—and wondering where the next romance is coming from."

He was an actor whose name was unfamiliar to me, and it seemed that he had not made many movies. But he brought to the screen romantic moments that would shame the young, inexperienced screen lover of today. Moviegoers who saw him felt their hearts throb, and in the audience there wasn't a man who didn't envy him, and a woman who didn't wish she were in my place!

Yes, I like men, who play lovers on the screen, to have loved before—not passingly, fleetingly, or as their will or

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desires took them, but permanently. I think that men who have loved before—even if they have lost in the end—are better partners in romance, on the screen or off, than their fumbling adolescent brothers.

In my work, I have always felt that way. Perhaps because there is so much romance attached to my work, it is easier for me to accept the fact that if a man has known and kissed other women, he is not only more adept at lovemaking, but is more at ease.

I know that many girls want to be first in a man's life and affections. To such a girl, the thought that the tenderness and certainty with which a man caresses her comes from experiences with another girl is a torture. That's in real life, but with the actress it's another story.

While I have liked all my leading men, it is obvious I cannot be in love—that is, deeply in love—with all of them. Yet, I must pretend to be in love with them, so that the performance we give on the screen will seem true and real to the audience.

Once, while making a movie for Universal-International I had the strangest experience. In its fashion, it was quite moving. One of the players came to my dressing room in tears. At first, she didn't want to explain what was bothering her. Then, like the veteran at the game that I was, I got it out of her.

"It's John," she explained. (*He was the male lead and this was one movie in which I didn't get the hero.*) "I know he's married and I can't seem to separate his film self from his married self. Every time I go into a clinch with him, I worry about what his wife may think!"

I grinned. "What are you, Mary—" I asked, "a woman, or an actress?"

She managed to grin back. "I thought I was a woman," she said, "and I do want to be an actress. But I find it hard to play a love scene with him as an actor. I feel—" and then she really let the tears go, "—well, I feel awful."

"He excites you?" I said.

She nodded. "I think he's wonderful," she confessed.

It was the old story, of course. Here was an experienced actor playing opposite an inexperienced girl—and the wide contrast registered! Clark Gable would have created the same sensations in the girl, but as for any of the unmarried eligibles, who parade Hollywood like models at a dress show, the association would have been negligible. The impact would be more decorative than lasting!

Yes, I like the married, experienced man as an acting foil. That way I feel I can give of my acting best—with all the emotions that can lend credibility to my movie roles.

Doesn't it make sense that the man who has been married can arouse the most familiar, and often the most satisfactory of emotions? On the other hand, if he is not married, he still might be experienced enough to have been truly in love at least once. But the latter, unfortunately, I found is rare.

Let's face it, the man who is married or who has been deeply in love before is more used to pleasing women. Is there

anything more sad, romantically, than the Big Moment when the moon is just right—and your boy "goofs" the first kiss?

Of all the sorts of jealousy, I think the worst is being jealous of the girl—or man—in the past. If you stop to think about it, almost everyone has a past, and it's because of that past that they've become the people you love.

When I made "All The King's Men" for Columbia and saw John Ireland for the first time, I thought, "Here is a man whose arms I would like to feel around me."

Although still a young man—in his early forties—he had all the earmarks of an experienced, older man, once married, the father of two splendid children. He kissed me. Not once, not twice, but many more times than the script called for (*I swear*). And what happened?

I married him.

I didn't have to open my eyes to find out that I wasn't the first girl John had kissed seriously. Even with the cameras going full blast, and under the hot lights of the sound stage, and with the director bawling instructions, John's kiss was not a movie kiss. It was something I felt all over—and still do!

Every romance between two people is a special relationship that could never exist between any other two people. When you're tempted to be jealous of the girl before you, just remember that she could never experience the relationship you have. She might just as easily be jealous of you! And with more reason!



Joanne Dru and Dale Robertson in type of love scene she enjoys doing.

We all know that boys grow up more slowly than girls, so it isn't surprising that they need experience in order to kiss properly. I have found that the older the actor, the more finesse in the kiss—married or unmarried. In fact, men don't really learn the art of kissing until middle age.

Of course, my ideas on kissing are most useful to me when I am making a movie. Then I like best to have a leading man who can make the script real.

When it comes to my private life—well, I don't know. You see, then the only person I kiss is my husband. **END**

## DOES MOTHER ALWAYS KNOW BEST?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

a limit to Mother knowing best. Once the young adolescent starts standing on his own feet, then Mama had better get out of the way. The age when that can happen is flexible, and occurs whenever the child shows signs of maturity.

A mother can sometimes—or often—be wrong, and she should have the courage to admit it, believes Miss Wood. It will only make a fool of her in everyone else's eyes—including the youngsters concerned—if she sticks to her pronouncement through stubbornness.

Mama knows more than the younger crowd in her experience with people. The youngsters are likely to be taken in by people. Nevertheless, the instinctive evaluation of youth may be very sound, but it depends upon their age. On the other hand, children know more about people of their own age, because Mama has forgotten how she felt when she was young. Any adult forgets part of the exact feelings he had as a child.

"Take, for instance, the little girl Dagmar in our show," says Peggy Wood. "She has less evaluation of people at the age of 11 than when she grows a little older. This is especially true of girls who, when they reach the ripe old age of 16, don't believe Mother knows anything at all. Yet, that's standard in every family, without relation to the earning

power or walk of life of the family. It's a kind of growing-up thing."

Proof that such statements make sense, and that Miss Wood (*herself a mother and grandmother*) is something of an authority when it comes to whether Mother knows best, lies in the standing of "Mama," one of the nation's most popular TV shows. Climbing from program obscurity in just four years to the top ten in national ratings, it gets 19,800,000 viewers each week.

If you haven't caught "Mama" yourself, it is the warm, wistful and wonderful story of Norwegian-born Marta and Lars Hanson who emigrated to San Francisco at the turn of the century, and their youngsters—teen-agers Nels and Katrin, and 11-year-old Dagmar.

Each week, the show features an episode that could take place today in the home of any American family. *Mama* herself may be faced with *Katrin's* first love affair, *Papa's* loss of a job, *Nels'* jubilation at the prospect of being captain of the basketball team and then his despondency when he doesn't win, or *Dagmar's* mischievous antics that lead to trouble with the neighbors.

But whatever the episode, or the incident, it is always *Mama* who really knows best. For instance, in one of the shows, *Katrin* goes through a phase of



wanting to know only *important* people. She believes that importance is measured only by money and success in career. *Mama* tries to convince her that *Papa* is a success, despite not being wealthy.

It starts when *Katrin* says proudly of the boy who's taking her to the Senior Prom. "Oh, *Mama*, he isn't a boy! He's captain of the basketball team and advertising manager of the yearbook, and the Seniors are going to elect him president!"

"Is that why you've been seeing so much of him lately?" asks *Nels*.

"Well," exclaims *Katrin*, "you don't think I'd throw my life away on anybody who wasn't going to be *somebody*, do you?"

*Katrin* is even more shocked when *Papa* loses out on a small building contract, and tells *Mama* that her father will never amount to anything. But when *Jerry Winters*, the boy who was taking her to the Prom, does lose the election for president, she sees everything in a new light, and the whole situation resolves itself satisfactorily.

Thus, *Katrin* learns through her own experience that *Mama* is right. She does know best, after all.

Travelling a long and lustrous road in show business, Peggy Wood has appeared, and mostly been starred, in sixty shows. Her father, newspaperman Eugene Wood, had his eye on the "Met" for his only daughter when she was just four years old. Later, she studied voice under the celebrated Emma Calve, the greatest *Carmen* the opera world has ever known.

But a career in opera was not to be. Peggy was 18 when she joined the chorus of "Naughty Marietta," at the handsome salary (for those days) of \$20 a week. Six years later, Broadway saw her in the memorable "Maytime," and her career in light opera rather than in grand opera was assured.

Peggy Wood reached the peak of her career in two Noel Coward hits, "Bitter Sweet" and "Blithe Spirit," and Hollywood claimed her for leading roles with Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers, and Barbara Stanwyck. Her last screen appearance was with Betty Hutton in "Dream Girl."

Today, Peggy Wood is no longer surprised that she is so completely identified with her successful TV role of *Mama*. Hardly a day passes when she leaves her Manhattan house, or her Stamford, Connecticut, country home, that she isn't hailed on the street by some passing youngsters.

A fan may shout to her, "Where's *Dagmar*?" Another, "Hi, *Mama*!" But sometimes it worries her a little that people believe she is truly the character she plays for the TV screens, and in private life is a simple Norwegian mother who can solve the problems of one and all. Strangers are constantly amazed, even shocked, that she shows not a trace of her TV accent!

People are constantly writing in to *Mama* to come to the rescue, because "Mama knows best." One of the most touching letters she received was from a woman who lived with her large fam-

ily in one room near the railroad tracks.

"She had enormous problems," says the real-life Peggy Wood, "and she wrote that she wished I could just come up and see her, and she was sure I'd be able to straighten everything out."

Another very touching letter came from the mother of a little boy in a New York hospital with a rare blood disease. "She didn't ask for my time, or money, or any favors whatsoever. All she wanted was, 'Please send my little boy your prayers.'"

With all their hearts, the entire cast of "Mama" did just that. The bulk of the voluminous mail Peggy Wood receives comes mostly from grateful parents. They say they can get a little more cooperation from their children by exclaiming, "You don't think that *Dagmar* or *Nels* would do that!"

That the show is accepted more than a little seriously is evident by the following incident. After one week's episode that dealt with the teen-age practice of borrowing things back and forth, letters poured in asking if she wouldn't have the material on the program mimeographed and distributed to parents' groups around the country. It was.

What is most lacking in the younger generation, Peggy Wood feels, is a general acceptance and understanding of the act of courtesy. "I'd advise young people today to show more courtesy, because through courtesy and consideration for others, you learn to get along with other people. I don't think youth should bow to mere age, but be courteous to all ages, and in so doing become a better citizen."

"Courtesy in today's young crowds depends entirely on how they were brought up," she goes on. "If they have never been exposed to courtesy and consideration for others in their own home, naturally they won't have it outside."

Peggy Wood would like to see the new generation take a little more care of its deportment. And, she adds, Mother's duty to "know best" a good part of the time is most needed when the child is young. Despite the rule of self-expression, a small child isn't entirely ready to make all its own decisions. There are many times when it needs and wants someone older and wiser to give it reassurance in making decisions.

"A child has to feel that what mother does is right and good. Nothing is so frightening to a child as finding out Mother isn't right or good."

The star of CBS-TV's "Mama" feels, however, that there is more need for *Mama*'s guidance now than ever before. She thinks the children of today are so much more insecure, with two wars behind them and heaven knows what ahead. All of which makes them uneasy, wayward, and often rebellious. Were they to feel that there was even one place that was safe and steady and filled with love, they would get on better with what they have to face outside. As it is, they have known nothing in their backgrounds but insecurity.

"Still, there are other compensations," reveals TV's understanding mother of



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three. "The youthful generation of just yesterday missed a lot by not knowing how to sew, cook, knit, or be machine-minded and handy with tools. Today's youth is different and wants very much to know how to do these things. And do you notice how women have changed? It is no longer fashionable or chic for a woman to make a darned fool of herself by saying, 'I can't even boil water.'"

As an example, Miss Wood mentions Dagmar who loves to sew and knit and adores cooking. "While they teach cooking and sewing in school," explains Dagmar's TV mother, "I don't think

those are really school subjects, but good things to have around a house. Youngsters always imitate, and when Mama starts cooking and making pretty clothes, they want to copy that right away. And that is happening now everywhere in America.

"Today," says Peggy Wood with a touch of satisfaction that is more characteristic of the simple TV *Mama* than the svelte, sophisticated actress, "there is currently a rediscovery of the home and the dignity of its work. And that is why I have great hopes for—and faith in—the new and younger generation." **END**



Rory Calhoun and wife Lita. His day dreaming often catches up with her.

## SOMETIMES SHE COULD MURDER ME!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

bit abashed when he admits it, but those heavy-lashed blue-green eyes for which he was nicknamed "Smoky," still gleam with amusement.

"I forgot to call up Lita and tell her we were having guests for dinner!"

The Calhouns were just coming out the front door on the way to a drive-in and an early movie, when the Montalbans drove up.

"What a wonderful surprise!" exclaimed Lita, "But why didn't you call us first to make sure we'd be home. One more minute and you would have missed us!"

Ricardo and Georgianna fixed a beady eye on Rory. When Lita looked up and saw the expression on his face, she knew the inevitable had happened. Being a fiery Mexican, she started screaming.

"It was a riot!" recalls Rory and then he breaks himself up just thinking about it. "You see, I really was upset because I wouldn't intentionally offend anyone. When I forget things Lita gets furious. But she's so tiny and cute, the madder she gets the funnier she looks. Then when I start to laugh, she wants to keel me!"

Of course, they took the Montalbans out for dinner. Both Rory and Lita receive an allowance of \$25 a week from their business manager, but most of it had been spent already. So they had to borrow from the \$40 weekly budget allotted them from household expenses. It was a gay, charming evening for everyone—even if Lita didn't speak to Rory for hours after!

"Just to think is a strain on me," kids Rory, "so you can imagine what it's like when I have something important to remember! You know, as a kid I used to dream a lot. I wasn't aware of it until I got a good smack on the seat of my pants. Then, young villain that I was, I began using day-dreaming as a handy excuse and it finally became a habit. I guess it sort of caught up with me, because at times it turns me into a real character."

One of those times was the day he was supposed to pick up visiting friends he'd met while making "Way Of A Gaucho" in the Argentine.

"The plan was for me to pick them up

at the Beverly Hills Hotel at noon," rues Rory. "Then I was to return them to the house, pick up Lita and proceed on to lunch. Suddenly, I looked at my watch and discovered it was five minutes after twelve. So I dashed over to the hotel, but on the way I had a brainstorm. I remembered it was Lita's birthday!"

"I had to buy a present for my wife, I told my friends. So it seemed better to eat our lunch right there, then I'd do my shopping and come back for them later. Yes, we thoroughly enjoyed our lunch, then I went on about my business. Finally, in an exclusive shop I found just the watch I was sure Lita would love. Delighted with my purchase, I drove right home with it—completely forgetting about my friends waiting back at the hotel!"

"The house was quiet when I came in, so I thought Lita had gone out. As I was in the kitchen having a cup of coffee the door flew open. There stood you know who, and with sparks flying out of her eyes, Lita thanked me acidly for NOT taking her to lunch! Then she blew her top! Finally, as she slammed the door she reminded me a man had been waiting for me for hours, insisting he had an appointment. I was stunned for a second. Then of course I remembered it was someone wanting to borrow \$100 to pay his rent. When Lita heard this—she blew her top all over again!"

Rory managed to get her birthday gift into Lita's hands without getting conked on the head with it. She didn't speak to him for the rest of the day, but when she came down to dinner put her arms around him tenderly and looking up at him with all the adoration she genuinely feels, softly said:

"Thank you, daddy, very much."

"Thank you for what?" he asked in a surprised voice. Exercising monumental self-control, Lita counted to ten in Spanish. Then she counted to twenty—in English. Throwing up her hands in a gesture of hopeless despair and resignation—she kissed her husband all over again!

Make no mistake and receive the wrong impression. The Calhouns are mad about each other. He adores her fiery temper and inimitable mad-cap

personality. There isn't one fraction of his six feet three inches that she would change, even if it were within her power. Exercising her feminine prerogative, however, she still screams her pretty head off every time his day dreams catch up with her. Being a mere male with a perverse sense of humor, Lita's fury tickles the tar out of Rory and he secretly delights in needling her!

Last November 15th, the initial day of duck hunting season, Rory and Guy Madison decided to drive up to Lake Henshaw and bag the limit. Now Rory has been going off on hunting trips for years and his wife rarely accompanies him. This time, she suddenly decided she wanted to go along.

"That lake was really like something out of a horror picture. The wind blew fog in our faces leaving them soaking wet. The boat was shaky and Lita's teeth chattered until they sounded like castanets. Explaining there were boats all around us in the fog, I cautioned the little woman to remain very quiet.

"Suddenly there was a fluttering sound overhead. The air was filled with the eerie, raspy cry of the wild duck. You could actually feel the tension for miles around and that was the moment my bride chose to stand up in the boat shrieking—'Here they come!—Here they come!' Well, I thought all the buckshot was going to be emptied on us. 'Drown that woman!' shouted every hunter on the lake. Poor Lita! Guy and I ribbed her unmercifully all the way home."

With just and due credit to Lita, she knows when she's licked—but it doesn't necessarily follow that she has to remain this way. A few weeks later the Calhouns drove up to San Francisco where a group of Hollywood stars were scheduled to make a personal appearance. Rory was to be master of ceremonies.

As past history proves, it seems that something happens whenever he has to make introductions. For some unexplainable reason, at times like this Rory even forgets the names of his best friends—which is exactly what happened!

Standing out on the stage in his white tie and tails, Rory had every woman in



the theatre almost hating her husband.

"And now," he announced in his finest fashion, "I want you to meet one of the finest fellows I have ever known. We've been friends for years—he's a great actor—a very popular man about town—everyone loves him and you will too when you meet—!"

Rory's mind had gone completely blank! He stood there wishing the floor would open up and swallow him. It was seconds, it seemed like years and out from the wings marched the innocent victim, who leered at Rory, bowed sheepishly to the audience and said: "My name is—Cesar Romero!"

One last and final story about the ebullient Calhouns, who live and love together and get a kick out of every single second. Because Rory's day-dreaming is constantly sneaking up on him, it's a feather in his famous cap when he can get something on Lita. He had the opportunity last August, the month he was

born. At the breakfast table when Lita didn't mention his birthday, it gave him ideas.

"When I got home from the studio that night," laughs Rory, "I decided to look real hurt. I built it up through dinner, acting cool and aloof. Lita finally couldn't stand the suspense and demanded to know what was wrong. I told her nonchalantly that it was really nothing—after all a husband's birthday wasn't very important. So why should she remember it? Lita couldn't have looked more sympathetic.

"'You are so right Daddy,' she deadpanned. 'I don't blame you a bit. I know if you didn't remember my birthday I would be very hurt, too. However, you have made one little mistake. I didn't forget your birthday—YOU did! It isn't today—it's a week from today! Which would you rather have, darling? A nice new calendar—or a daily date book?'"

END

## MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"Stronghold." They star Lloyd Bridges, George Brent, Paul Henreid, Lizabeth Scott, Cesar Romero, Veronica Lake and Zachary Scott and are of 1951-1952 vintage.

"Adventure," the new and exciting television series which dramatizes the vast resources of the American Museum of Natural History, will soon have feminine audiences coast-to-coast drooling over such great treasures as the fabulous Star of India sapphire which weighs 543 carats; a "piece" of topaz crystal weighing a quarter-ton and a 100-carat ruby which any woman in her right mind would consider "a girl's best friend."

"Mr. Saturday Night," Jackie Gleason, that is, whose "Reggie Van Gleason III" characterization has found great favor with his vast "Jackie Gleason Show" audience, credits much of the success of that particular comedy gem to the support given him by his TV "mother." She's the stage and screen actress, Zama Cunningham, who as the dowager Mrs. Gleason, contributes her comedy talents to the proceedings. Jackie Gleason says "she's merely the best there is." As for Miss Cunningham, her evaluation of the Gleason talents is simply an in-a-word description "he's the MOST."

William Bendix, who lived anything but "The Life Of Riley" before he became a Hollywood star wanted to be a baseball player, but took a job as a grocery store clerk instead in his pre-acting days. On a recent telecast of his popular show, he was forced to eat a can of sardines when, with a group of fishing friends, their rod and reel expedition netted them nothing from the briny deep. The tinned sardines he consumed during the program were the same brand he

once had to sell the most of in order to be made manager of the grocery store. He was promoted, of course, and he's remained a loyal customer to the same sardines.

Susan Douglas, who plays Jimmy Lipton's serial-wife on "The Guiding Light," is still trying to convince biographers that she wasn't born in Vienna, but instead, is a native of Prague, Czechoslovakia. Her true given name, Zuska Zenta, was a famous one when she appeared as an actress with the Czech National Theatre. In private life she is Mrs. Jan Rubes, wife of a concert singer, or, as she puts it, "I'm Zuska Rubes, at home. On TV I'm Susan Douglas, but please check, I'm a Czech!"

Dancers, Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander (Mr. and Mrs. off-TV), anxious to raise a family of their own, may sponsor a foster child until such time as they can settle down in one place and build the kind of home and home-life they aspire to. They were refused the privilege of adopting a youngster from a famous Chicago orphanage on the grounds that they spent too much time away from a permanent residence, hence the foster child negotiations.

Hildy Parks, who plays Vanessa Dale's roommate on "Love Of Life," made her Broadway stage debut opposite James Mason in "Bathsheba." Peggy McCay (Vanessa Dale) on the same show, speaks French fluently and during their "Love Of Life" rehearsal breaks, Peggy and Hildy translate their working scripts into French. Keeps them relaxed, explains Peggy.

Wonder why there isn't a national TV show devoted to hillbilly singers. Very

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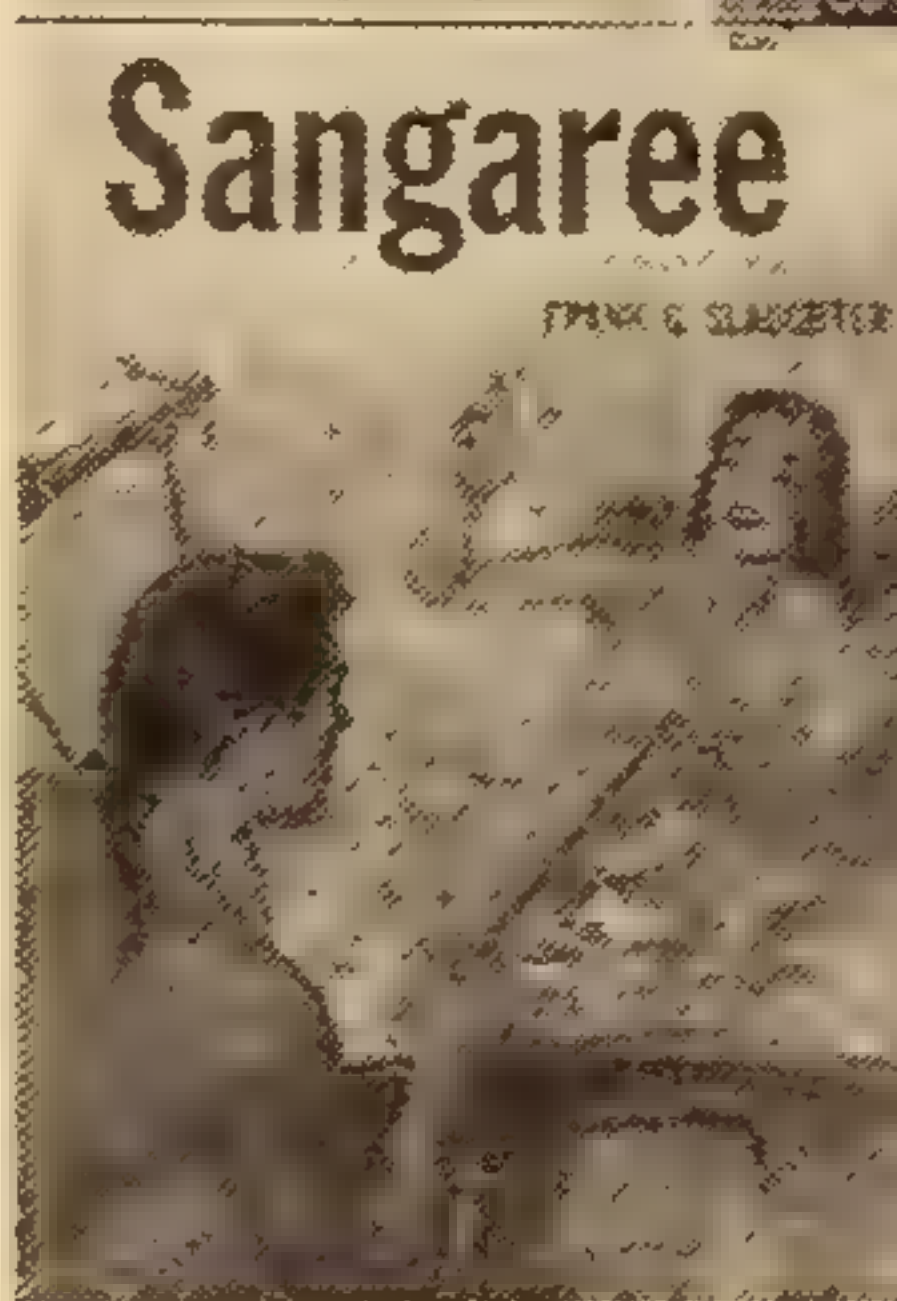


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Gene Autry is a shrewd businessman when on the lookout for antiquated stagecoaches (he's paid as much as \$5,000 for a 1732 Concord model found in an old barn in Hopkinton, Mass.) to round out his collection at his Melody Ranch home in California. Rather than rent one of these old hayburners from a movie studio for use in his Flying A Picture films for TV, he reconditions those he collects, and in the long run saves thousands of dollars annually on rentals. Wonder if Gene, in turn, rents those he's collected? So far he has ten.

Gertrude Berg is being considered for bi-monthly appearances on next season's Milton Berle show. . . Ann ("Private Secretary") Sothorn, can't type, but is proficient at shorthand. . . Jack Benny has his blood pressure checked before and after each telecast, by doctor's orders. . . Gale Gordon, the Mr. Conklin on "Our Miss Brooks," a talented painter, will execute a series of oils of leading TV stars for a one-man show in Los Angeles early in December. . . Mercedes McCambridge, one-time Academy Award winner, will return to Hollywood for film work, telefilms, that is, only. She doesn't want to give up her New York way of life and steady video employment. . . The Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis gag list of "writers" for their show, which always includes the names of "Bernie Schwartz" and "Ira Grossell" (they're actually Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler, in that order) may have to be dropped on a future show. Tony and Jeff are working on a comedy sketch which will be submitted to Martin & Lewis. They'll receive, in addition to

salary, proper camera credits as Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler. . . Jane Powell is very unhappy about the TV-showing of an early film she made with Constance Moore and Ralph Bellamy. Called "Delightfully Dangerous" it isn't Janie at her glamorous best. . . Eddie Cantor is planning a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour so he can meet his TV fans. Wife Ida, and the rest of the Cantor clan are trying to discourage him, with the aid of medicos who advise him against it. . . Dinah Shore is busy denying the stork rumors while the Johnnie Johnstons (Shirley Carmel) are hoping their first visit from the long-legged bird will be a double-bundle, twins!

*Jerome Thor and his actress-wife and "Foreign Intrigue" co-star, Sydna Scott, learned to speak fluent French the hard way. They ensconced themselves in a small apartment in Paris and lived in the French capital like Parisians, never once speaking their own native tongue. They preferred forcing themselves to speak French at all times. It wasn't easy but it was great fun and in time they mastered the language. The happily-married Thors are now thinking of learning Arabic. If they repeat their Parisian methods, won't it have to be in a tent-for-two on the sands of the Sahara and is*

*that really going to be worth it, Sahib?*

There have been so many rumors about why Marie Wilson, the "My Friend Irma" star is never photographed without wearing gloves, that we decided to investigate. Tossing aside such ridiculous reports as those which claim "she lost her fingernails when very young," "her hands are covered with birthmarks," and "she's horribly scarred," this reporter asked a direct question and got a direct answer. Marie Wilson favors those mittens, lacy, silk, cotton and other fabrics, *because she likes them.* Further, they serve a dual purpose, they've become a Marie Wilson "trademark." Like Marlene Dietrich's legs, Claudette Colbert's bangs, Joan Crawford's mouth, Billie Burke's lacy jabots, Hedda Hopper's hats and Adolphe Menjou's moustache. Pretty simple explanation, don't you think?

There's a little-known story about Neil Hamilton, host-emcee on ABC-TV'S "Hollywood Screen Test" that should be told. Neil, who has more than four hundred movies to his credit, almost spent his life as a cripple.

As an infant in Lynn, Massachusetts, he escaped serious injury when his mother, carrying him in her arms, fell from the platform of a moving trolley car. Neil was uninjured, but she suffered a spine injury, was confined to a hospital for many weeks and had to walk stooped over upon her release. The Hamilton family filed a civil lawsuit against the transportation company and won a small amount of money.

Before Mrs. Hamilton collected the damages awarded her, young Neil, playing in a lumber yard with other youngsters, fell off a five-foot-high plank pile and shattered an elbow bone. Doctors wanted to amputate, but his mother refused to permit this. His arm in a steel cast (they didn't have plaster casts in those days) he accompanied his mother to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada, and spent several days there in prayer and meditation.

On the third afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton ascended the stairs to the altar, prayed and returned to her pew cured. She marched to her seat as straight as a ramrod, dissolved in tears. Neil's arm, suddenly without pain, was removed from the steel brace and he escorted his mother from the shrine with a fully healed elbow. Neither one required medical attention after that miraculous occasion. **END**

## SORCERY FOR SUMMER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

shade to match your original hair color—an unbecoming permanent dye job can be corrected by using Noreen either in your natural hair shade or a darker tone. Noreen Silver White Rinse, however, is the one to use to naturalize both the look and feel of over-bleached hair. None of these Noreen Super Color Rinses are permanent dyes, remember, even though

they won't "come off" on things. You apply them freshly after a shampoo and remove them, any time, with another shampoo. Boxes of Noreen capsules come in 30c and 60c sizes.

Tracking down some new more flattering make-up this season is as pleasant as strolling through a garden of flowers in full bloom. Beautiful pink tones pre-



dominate, but there are fresh reds and orange shades too. In fact, Helen Neushaefer has a new version of each of the three, designed to complement every one of Summer's fashion colors. Gaiety is a lively orange, full of mischief and drama. Joy, the 1953 red in the trio, is a true, clear color, without any added tones to detract from its redness. First Lady Pink is the prettiest pink imaginable—it will remind you of the soft blush tones on a camellia petal. Every one of these shades comes in indelible Everon and regular-formula lipsticks, and matching nail polish. The lipsticks (*in two sizes*) are 39c and 59c. The nail polish, made with Neushaefer's secret Plasteen, sells for 10c and 25c. Your neighborhood variety store has all these newcomers.

It occurs to us that you may be missing out on a very real aid to glamour if you've never investigated the full potentialities in a bottle of Nestle Lite Hair Lightener with Conditioning Oil. This

time we're not thinking of it in terms of your crowning glory at all. What we're concerned with is its use as a hair-lightener for arms and legs. Because it has absolutely no harsh ammonia, it's a particularly safe and effective way of making any unwanted fuzz invisible. It's easy to use too—stirs into a pleasant froth that lightens the hair very quickly. In the bare-armed, bare-legged months it's almost a "must." A regular sized bottle sells for \$1.50—a smaller one for 69c.

Lest anyone forget that the omission of a deodorant from your battery of beauty-props at this sultry time of year can go a long way toward nullifying the most potent of feminine charms, we remind you of Fresh. It's not brand new—it's been around long enough to gather an impressively devoted following. Why? It won't stain clothes—won't dry out in the jar. It's kind to your skin, and gives you the long-lasting protection you're looking for. Need we say more? **END**

## THE AMAZING STORY OF ANN!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

following her first operation, the slightest sound was so intensified to her sensitive ears, it was comparable to a clap of thunder.

"The nurses in my hospital room couldn't even wear starched uniforms," Ann recalls. "The rustling sounded like a roar to me. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with a thyroidectomy, it is the removal of a hard substance that deposits itself on the thyroid gland, and as a result the entire nervous system is thrown off balance. Dr. William E. Branch performed this delicate operation, and although the incision half-circled my throat, not even a tiny scar remains."

Ironically, the unexpected major operation that closely followed, disclosed the liver virus that usually manifests itself in its final and fatal stage. Ann contracted it from contaminated vaccine that time she took her shots and attended the Command Performance in England. For a full year following, she was aware that her usual good health was being challenged, but even the doctors couldn't diagnose it—then.

"If I followed the dictates of my own heart," Ann reveals, "I would close the door on any memory of my illness, forever. You see, even after passing a crisis and recovering, there is still danger—the danger of withdrawing into an 'ivory tower.' At first, I had to struggle to become active again, because being an invalid can become a habit too. With the outside world moving by at a catastrophic clip (*it seems!*) it's very difficult to become part of it again. I believe the toughest thing for me was to learn to drive my car in today's traffic.

"I realize, however, it's very selfish just to think of myself. Perhaps someone can benefit by reading of my experience. Hundreds have written anxious, inquiring letters because of their own misfortunes and bad health. And of course the kind encouragement that came

from strangers during my long convalescence, just touched me beyond description."

Although the strides made by medicine played a great part in saving Ann's life, there came a day when the fate of her future rested in her own hands. The doctors had reached an impasse. Their patient was well, that is as well as anyone could be, considering the long haul.

Being unavailable for so long, Ann and MGM had come to a mutual parting of the ways. Now more than ever she had responsibilities to face, including the care and education of her growing daughter, Tish. In other words, Ann felt the need for extra strength and like so many of us in time of trouble, she asked for guidance where it is always waiting.

"Nothing is ever lost," Ann believes. "Something rare and good can even come out of serious illness. I never had time before to read all the traditional great books, which included reading the Bible again. Instead of losing faith, mine was enhanced and I found more. While I have always believed in the power of prayer, my belief was strengthened more by the help of friends, co-workers, studio associates who sent word they were holding wonderful thoughts for me.

"I've always been the type who wants to know *why*. So, when they discovered I had infectious hepatitis I asked endless questions. When I take medicine I want to know its function. I guess I'm just naturally interested—and curious. Eventually my nurses, Margaret Lee and Ruth Vargo, began calling me Florence Nightingale! Then the doctors kidded me about *their* symptoms and wanted me to prescribe for *them*! My very dear friends, Mal and Ray Milland, say that I know about pills that haven't been discovered yet! I hope I never have to look another one in the face."

During her illness Ann was forced to refuse roles at 20th Century-Fox, and

Warner Bros. as well as two picture offers in Europe. Fate works in strange patterns and when she was available again, good scripts weren't. Now in all honesty the last thing she wanted was to close up her home in Beverly Hills and do a New York play. Ann isn't a ham at heart and the so-called "challenge" of the theatre has never intrigued her. So you know the answer to that one!

Like it or not, no effort was spared until she agreed to appear in "Faithfully Yours" and it proved to be the greatest professional challenge in her life.

"Just being well enough to face a camera seemed so remote for so long," reflects Ann. "No one could have convinced me that one day I'd be facing a New York audience. Well, I guess certain things are meant to be. Who knows, perhaps it was a test. If we put ourselves in God's hands then there can be no doubts or questions in our hearts."

While the readjustment of her entire world was a tremendous task, Ann's personal notices more than compensated. Back home again things began moving in the right direction—Ann's direction. The Lucky Strike sponsors were looking for a television series. They looked, they listened, they considered every available star and property. Out of all they were the most impressed with the trials and tribulations of a "Private Secretary" named *Miss Susan Camille MacNamara*.

If you know Susie like Ann knows Susie, it means you're seeing her three Sunday afternoons out of four on television. Before she began this series she managed to squeeze in a brief but picture-stealing role in "The Blue Gardenia." After a three year absence from the screen, the night of the preview the audience gave Ann an ovation. Individual scenes were applauded and the reviewers said in effect—"Thank heaven Ann Sothern was in the picture!"

About *Miss Susan Camille MacNamara*. The response has been terrific and literally thousands of letters have poured in thanking Ann, from grateful secretaries. They write:

"At last you've made us look and behave like human beings. We're so sick and tired of being depicted as idiotic goon girls."

"Of course nothing in life is ever perfect," Ann opines. "Now that I'm working 12 hours a day, the tight schedule eats into the time normally spent with my Tish. We still have dinner and early evenings together, also Sundays. Recently, with a few days off I thought it would be a treat to fly up to San Francisco and visit the aquarium. Tish was thrilled, and with typical child-like curiosity asked if the aquarium costs money.

"It was free, I assured her, as the full realization swept over me that the most precious things in life are the things that money can't buy. I've been so aware of this, driving along the beautiful Pacific on my way to Malibu. The first hyacinth in my garden this spring reminded me again. If I've learned nothing else from my three year experience, I know my blessings are infinite. Being deprived of them once, I shall never take them for granted again."

**END**



# CAN HE DO WITHOUT YOU?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

"Such knowledge and this kind of awareness come with maturity. There were a couple of times, when I was younger, when, like all girls, I thought I was indispensable to a man. While I was in my teens I was more than a little taken with a handsome young man, but thought it best then to play it coy—the mystery routine. I told him I was busy a couple of times when he called for a date. I talked about other fellows I knew when I did go out with him. Well, I must have read the wrong advice-to-the-lovelorn department, because it wasn't long before he was just too busy to see me. My little game backfired.

"Then there was the time I thought I had to run things—more or less. I had decided at this stage in my life that I should be the positive kind of woman—the modern counterpart of Carrie Nation. I was sure this would prove I had a mind of my own. You see, somewhere I'd read that no man likes a clinging vine so I went to the extreme. And I promptly lost out on this romance.

"All girls have had such experiences. They only prove that no matter how desirable we think we are to men we can miss the boat if we don't stop thinking that the men will pine away if we give them up. Don't you believe it! We'll be a lot better off if we make ourselves so invaluable that they won't want to be without us. This is assuming, of course, that we *really* want them to begin with.

"I don't see how any man can want a girl unless she is, above all, honest with him. Not that there aren't occasions for certain feminine wiles, but the mere business of playing a game to get and keep a fellow is never going to be a lasting state of affairs.

"Being too mysterious and hard-to-get is one way of playing a false kind of game. When a man is thinking of a lasting romance—and, goodness knows, it's hard enough to get him thinking along those lines—he doesn't want to feel he's a whirling dervish. He wants to know where he stands and if he's kept guessing too much he won't remain interested for long. There are far too many girls who want to find real romance so men have a wide field from which to choose.

"I knew a girl who had been chasing a fellow, but he just wouldn't bite. So she asked me if I thought it would be a good idea if she simply stopped seeing him for a while. 'Maybe he'll wonder why I've changed and will start chasing me,' she said. I told her she was wrong in the first place to chase him so obviously. And then I reminded her that if she did stop seeing him she'd at least find out whether he was interested in her enough to want to see her again. But once she knew—and if he were really interested in her—she should drop any pretense and start concentrating on being herself and making herself so interesting she'd never again have to resort to games. If he didn't want to see her again, however, at least she'd know where she stood, and could try to forget him.

"On this matter of game-playing, I've heard girls say that sex appeal is the most important quality of all if a man is to be won and kept. Those with this philosophy go in for the cleavage, the sultry make-up, the worldly sophistication—and then wonder why men get the wrong ideas. In short, they dress and act like they were a modern Mata Hari, but expect to be treated like an Elsie Dinsmore. Maybe all this emphasis on sex appeal is intriguing for a time, but what happens when the facade wears thin? There are plenty of girls who can use sex appeal, but when a man is thinking of marriage he wants something else—and something more solid and lasting.

"Men aren't averse to sex appeal, but they don't like it thrown at them too obviously. For example, when it comes to the matter of dress, girls are smarter to appear well-groomed than to go around looking as though they were either poured into their gowns or were about to fall out of them. Alluring bedeckment may be interesting for a short time to a man, but I don't think he's going to like the ogling other men will be doing.

"I believe that girls who make a career out of dressing in a come-hither way are going to great lengths to seek attention—and to create jealousy in their men. Under normal conditions, however, the male of the species enjoys it when a girl is jealous of him. It makes him feel important. But no young one will hold a fellow long if she is forever using jealousy to keep him interested. After all, love to endure has to be built on faith and trust and not on superficial deceit."

Gloria took time out to turn on the heat for some heavy romantics with Glenn Ford for Columbia's "The Big Heat," and then returned to our discussion of Can He Do Without You?

"If a girl is to make herself invaluable to a man she should, at least in my opinion, give him sufficient freedom—and that means freedom from such romance-killers as jealousy and possessiveness," Gloria continued. "In the courting stage and even in marriage a man wants to feel he's not being confined. If he wants to go away for a weekend with some of the boys to fish or hunt, the girl shouldn't create any big scene about being left alone. She should allow him to indulge in the attitude of the typical male. By being understanding, though, she will endear herself to him and will make him want to be with her more and with the boys less.

"No man wants to be possessed. He prefers to do the possessing. Not that I agree with possessiveness in any form, but it's best for the girl to get this fact in mind.

"I think, generally speaking, a girl has to give more than a man does. She has to be willing to make sacrifices. This isn't as bad as it sounds. The more willing she is the less the fellow should want her to make any concessions. That is, of course, if he's the right kind of person. If he's content just to let her *give in* all the time

while he only *takes* she might as well learn that soon. Again it's the matter of knowing the man and deciding how important he is to you.

"Any girl, however, can make herself invaluable to a man by respecting the male ego—and that's what all this comes down to. Tradition has said that man is the dominant one, the head-of-the-house routine, so the minute that ego is trampled on he can lose interest very suddenly. If there's anything a man fights it's an attempt to dominate him.

"Whenever I meet a girl who is invaluable to her man she is invariably a good conversationalist and has a great sense of humor. She also knows how to flatter her man—honestly—by being interested in what he has to say. She is a prize in any man's realm.

"In addition, she is never given to spasmodic nagging or criticizing. I've known girls who excuse their critical attitudes by saying, 'I'm only trying to help him be the man he should be.' Well, they will not be considered indispensable to any male. All right—so he needs to change. It's a lot better to let such alterations of character come about in a way whereby he thinks he made the changes all by himself. A girl can prod him—delicately and subtly—but she mustn't act as though she's the last word."

Gloria's career has been rather liberally dotted with the various types of women who lose romance. She has been the heavy in several pictures and has, as a result, been thought of, career-wise, as the kind of girl no man wants to hold on to for long. She has been the femme fatale, the cheating female in "The Bad And The Beautiful" and lost everything. She was the jealous, possessive girl in "The Greatest Show On Earth," and in "The Big Heat" she's again up to her mercenary tricks—and winds up getting killed. In "The Glass Wall," however, she won the man because she was sympathetic, understanding, and a real help to her guy.

"Any girl can get and keep a man by putting his interests first in her mind and heart," Gloria went on. "By being sympathetic to his problems, by helping him with his work—if he wants help—by understanding his moods. A man demands much more strength from a girl than he will admit. And she must be ready to give him that strength.

"A girl can make a break-up impossible if she will remember a few simple things: there must be enough real love on both sides; she should know when a man wants his ego flattered and, within reason, flatter it; she should bolster him up when he needs it and be a real help-mate to him; she ought to guide him with subtlety and honesty; she should make him feel her world revolves around him; she should never play games with love.

"If you know your man and want him enough to make the necessary concessions—and if he really finds you indispensable—you will never have to face the situation where the man you thought was your world has decided that somebody else is better for him. There won't be any looking for greener pastures if the grass in your back yard is well cared-for." END



# DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

Lyon) were among the celebrants who enjoyed the festivities at a handsomely decorated banquet table laden with favors, prizes and an unlimited quantity of imported champagne. A post-midnight continuation of the progressive party took place in Lisa Kirk's Plaza Hotel suite and the fun went on until dawn.

The following night at midnight, eve of Earl's Air France flight to Paris, Bruno's Pen & Pencil was the scene of an entirely different type of bon voyage party for him, albeit, equally enjoyable. Close family friends, including Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, pitched in to help make this soiree a gala one. Highlight of the evening was the surprise Hollywood-to-Bruno's telephone call by Joan Crawford who wanted to wish Earl bon voyage.

Ralph Meeker is having backstage headaches at his stage play, "Picnic"—a minor misunderstanding with his leading lady, Janice Rule, having created the impression that Meeker was taking his newest success Very Big. Seems to be the price any former movie player faces after he's left Hollywood and lands in a sensational stage click . . .

Another backstage hassle involving two ex-Hollywood players, now in a smash success on the Broadway stage, concerns Vanessa Brown and Tom Ewell

in "The Seven Year Itch." Three attempts have been made to straighten out the temperamental outbursts without avail. Miss Brown and Mr. Ewell, a superb onstage acting team, have refused to acknowledge each other off-stage. Ewell's solo star billing, given him several months after the play had its premiere, is one cause for the friction in a never-ending stream of complaints . . .

A group of Hollywood stars who flew to nearby Westchester for a house party spent half the night agreeing that if Doris Day doesn't give up wearing those Johnny collars, jumper dresses, ribbon bows in her hair and that annoying snap-crackle chewing gum routine she affects, the tide will turn against her (socially speaking) in Hollywood. On screen she can get away with these youthful affectations, but off-screen it's downright silly. Seems a shame, she's really a talented star . . .

If Jan Sterling isn't the most talkative screen star to ever hit town, she certainly is the most energetic when it comes to a gabfest. Never still for a moment, she's constantly on the move, even at dinner. She bounces up and down, runs a comb through her hair and peeks into her hand mirror a dozen times an hour. She gesticulates while talking as though no one will understand or see her and after all

is said and done, by her, she can't understand why anyone criticizes her affectations. We'll tell you, Jan. It annoys others close by and is a fairly gruelling experience for anyone not prepared for overly dramatic emphasis while you describe and explain a point. As one of the sexiest looking gals in the movies, why not try the old Marlene Dietrich technique of remaining poised and calm. You'll "say" more than words can express just by being reserved and quiet . . .

Lana Turner refused to confirm or deny rumors she was investing money in Lex Barker's independent film company productions. The first of three pictures to be made in Europe, "The Black Pearl," has already been financed by a group of anonymous Beverly Hills backers. En route to Paris, she gave no comment at Idlewild Airport when questioned. Several of her intimates insist however, "there's some of Lana's loot in Lex's boot" . . .

Singer Lisa Kirk and actress Phyllis Kirk (no relation) met for the first time at the Hotel Plaza Persian Room during Lisa's singing engagement. They discovered their favorite movie actor is also a Kirk—Kirk Douglas . . .

The audience reaction at a recent sneak showing of the reissue of "Mr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" (Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman) was so enthusiastic, the patrons and staff of ushers at the Greenwich Village Theatre applauded for five minutes after the

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film ended. This off-beat screening was witnessed by Spencer Tracy, himself, who ducked out of the theatre before the lights went on. Revivals of Ingrid Bergman pictures, co-starring her with other topflight players, will pave the way for her return to Hollywood. She's due in New York November 10, in Hollywood a week later . . .

Peggy Lee's glittering opening at *La Vie En Rose* had the tiny boite overcrowded with Hollywood friends who forced her to encore "Lover" three times during her premiere performance. Stars in her eyes included, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mary Pickford, Milton Berle, Joan Bennett, Nina Foch, June Havoc, Shirley Booth, Wendell Corey and Dagmar.

Alexis Smith stopped traffic on Madison Avenue during the rush hour when she hailed a cab with her charm bracelet whistle. Three vehicles piled up on the corner of 57th Street. No one hurt, but fenders were dented. The driver of the first car thought the lusty whistle-blowing was that of a policeman. Alexis journeyed to her hotel by bus . . .

Ethel Merman made one of her rare subway trips when a violent thunderstorm made getting a taxi impossible. Crossed Manhattan from her Central Park West penthouse apartment building to Grand Central terminal on the east side, while sitting beneath an advertisement for "Call Me Madam." La Merman had the giggles all the way across town . . .

Rosalind Russell, who really thinks New York is a "Wonderful Town," will never again wave at a wack during an auction sale. An over-anxious, and none-too-bright auctioneer misinterpreted a gesture of hers and she found herself the "lucky" buyer of a full gross of 14-karat gold-filled watch cases. Another patron at the same auction, sensing the mistake made by the wacky salesman, relieved the glamorous stage and screen star of her loot by adding a single dollar bill to the price "knocked down" to her and took possession of the watch parts . . .

Lex Barker's "Tarzan And The She-Devil," is the 29th film in the popular series and the fifth starring Lex as *Tarzan*. En route to Paris, Lex told Gotham friends it's his next-to-last portrayal of the famous jungle character . . .

Producer Samuel Goldwyn told a group of New York film critics he hopes to film "Guys And Dolls" in 3-D with the original Broadway cast—Vivian Blaine, Sam Levene and Bob Alda . . .

Esther Williams, due in town for a shopping spree before the birth of her third baby early in the Fall, will discuss plans for a forthcoming Broadway musical with John Murray Anderson. Esther's next film, "Athena," to be filmed in January, in Hollywood, may be her last MGM musical until 1955 . . .

Burt Bacharach, young composer-pianist, who is Vic Damone's arranger and accompanist, double-dates with his "boss"

Damone at various off-beat Lower Fifth Avenue cafes. Burt's steady is beautiful Paula Stewart, the Versailles singing starlet, while Vic has been making time with a breath-taking beauty he introduces as "Miss Zilch From Upper Sandusky." The latter is a dead-ringer for his on-again, off-again former girl friend, Joan Benny . . .

Biggest conversation piece in town is a photograph of the design for the 90-foot mural which French sculptor Nicky Tregor is making of Shelley Winters' Vittorio Gassman. "Gass" will pose in the nude for the art which will be erected in a cemetery on the outskirts of Paris. It will create more of a furore than the recent Linda Christian gift of art to Ty Power . . .

Rosalind Russell may suspend performances of her fabulous Broadway musical hit, "Wonderful Town," late this Summer in order to make "You Can't Judge A Lady," an Independent Artists' film to be produced by her husband, Fred

Brisson. Under the terms of her contract with producers of "Wonderful Town," she's permitted to make one film during the first year.

If moviegoers are ever going to have the chance of seeing Carol Channing (she starred on Broadway in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in the role Marilyn Monroe filmed) it may be in a movie version of "Once In A Lifetime," one-time Broadway comedy hit. At Sardi's, the talented Channing doll admitted she'd "like to" get on the nation's silver screens . . .

Silliest piece of exploitation for a movie concerns the tour of important key cities throughout the nation now being made by ten-year-old Tommy Rettig, in connection with the Kramer Company's Technicolor film, "The 5,000 Fingers Of Dr. T." The young actor, who supposedly supplements his movie earnings by carrying a daily newspaper delivery route in Los Angeles, is being feted by fellow news carriers in every city he visits!

## RECORD ROUNDUP

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### Tops In Movie Music

ETHEL MERMAN'S "Call Me Madam" album, from film of same name, for Decca . . . Doris Day's "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon" album, from film of same name, for Columbia . . . Richard Hayman's "Ruby," from film of same name, and "Love Mood" for Mercury . . . "Chi-Li, Chi-Li, Chi-Li," from "Dream Wife," and "Now That I'm In Love" by Barbara Ruick for MGM . . . "My Flaming Heart," from "Small Town Girl," and "Ruby," from film of same name, by Lew Douglas for MGM . . . Rosalind Russell's "Wonderful Town" album for Decca . . . Henri Rene's "Song From Moulin Rouge," from "Moulin Rouge," and "Street Of Shadows" for Victor . . . Peggy Lee's "Who's Gonna Pay The Check" and "Sorry Baby, You Let My Love Get Cold" for Decca . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Ruby," from film of same name, and "Less Than Tomorrow" for Victor . . . Dean Martin's "There's My Lover" and "Little Did We Know" for Capitol . . . "Anna," from film of same name, and "I Loved You" by Silvana Mangano for MGM . . . Hugo Winterhalter's "Peter Pan" album for Victor . . . "Ruby," from film of same name, and "The Song From Moulin

Rouge," from "Moulin Rouge," by Victor Young for Decca . . .

### Other Toppers

JONI JAMES' "Is It Any Wonder" and "Almost Always" for MGM . . . Sauter-Finegan's "Yankee Doodletown" and "Now That I'm In Love" for Victor . . . Eddie Fisher's "I'm Walking Behind You" and "Just Another Polka" for Victor . . . Dolores Gray's "Big Mamou" and "Say You're Mine Again" for Decca . . . Harry James' "One Night Stand" album for Columbia . . . Jo Stafford's "My Dearest, My Darling" and "Just Another Polka" for Columbia . . . Nat King Cole's "Pretend" and "Don't Let Eyes Shop For Heart" for Capitol . . . "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World" and "Sleep" by Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol . . . "Dancin' With Someone" and "Breakin' In The Blues" by Teresa Brewer for Coral . . . "Red Canary" and "April In Portugal" by Florian Zabach for Decca . . . Red Buttons' "Strange Things Are Happening" and "Ho-Ho Song" for Columbia . . . Perry Como's "Say You're Mine Again" and "My One And Only Heart" for Victor . . . Guy Lombardo's "Seven Lonely Days" and "Downhearted" for Decca . . .

### Grab Bag

"SAY SI SI" and "I'm With You" by the Mills Brothers for Decca . . . Eartha Kitt's "Two Lovers" and "Uska Dara" for Victor . . . "Lulu Had A Baby" and "The Boys In The Backroom" by Spike Jones for Victor . . . "Little Red Monkey" and "The Magic Music Box" by Harry Grove Trio for London . . . Jerry Colonna's "Down By The Old Millstream" and "Sweet Adeline" for Decca . . . "Mr. Piano Player" and "Cuban Carnival" by Irving Fields Trio for King . . . De Marco Sisters' "Bouillabaisse" and "Pretty Baby" for MGM . . .

END

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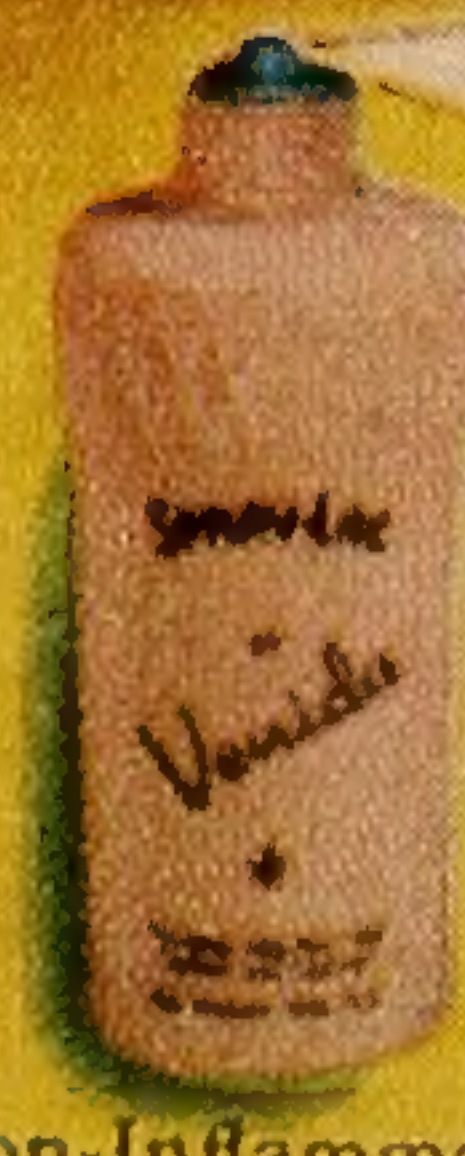
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